The Ypsilantian.

EIGHTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1887. NUMBER 403.

Harvest Excursion.

The Great Rock Island Route (C. R. I. & P. R'y) will sell, Oct. 11th, Harvest Excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip, to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, North-western Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Limit 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information, address E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE,

Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30.

The greatest drama of the age, from the most wonderful novel ever written,

MONTE CRISTO!

Presented by the Eminent Young American Actor,

AIDEN BENEDICT

Supported by a powerful company

Carrying their own special scenery, including the great Chateau d'if scene.

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—DEALER IN—

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Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Headquarters for Fresh Fish.

DEPOT POST OFFICE,

Follett House Block, Cross St.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

GOODWIN & CRICH,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Boots and Shoes!

Fine Custom Work Solicited.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. Prices reasonable and good work guaranteed.

Shop on Huron St., opp. Fire Engine House.

GOODWIN & CRICH.

REMOVED!

C. F. ENDERS

Has removed his

CARPENTER & CABINET SHOP

to Prof. George's new building, next to the Opera House, where he will continue the same business as heretofore—manufacturing to order Book Cases, Desks, Wardrobes, Cupboards, Tables, etc. Old cnstomers and new are invited to call tt the new location.

The Biggest That Ever Was.

That is about the dimension of it. Reference is had in these remarks to "Lest" Yost's new livery establishment on Washington street, which is now open and has an "opening" every day. He has a coupe costing $900, and harness to match costing $175, purchased in Detroit, and as if that was not quite up to his contemplated mark, he bought in New York, on his recent visit there, and now shows with pardonable pride, a coach costing $1725, equipped with a pair of harnesses costing $400. He modestly says he did not pay quite those figures, but those were the prices of the goods. The coach has ivory mountings, and the harness solid silver trimmings; and with his spanking span of greys it is calculated to cast a heavy shadow upon anything ever seen in this portion of the country. These, with carriages and phaetons and buggies and fine horses and harnesses, and everything spick-span new, his livery establishment is likely to be decidedly popular.

A Truth Quickly Told.

Detroit Tribune.

The Ypsilantian—an excellent trade edition. Good paper, The Ypsilantian.

It Will be Both.

Manchester Enterprise.

The Ypsilantian intends to issue a daily during the Eastern Michigan fair. It will no doubt be interesting and we hope profitable.

MILLINERY.

The finest display of new Fall and Winter Millinery ever brought to Ypsilanti on exhibition at

NO. 6 UNION BLOCK,

During the Fair. Ladies it will pay you to call and examine the stock, even though you do not wish to purchase

Novelties in Bonnets and Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children. Also new Fancy Goods direct from New York.

E. M. CURTIS.

BANCHART & CLARK,

Proprietors of the

Central Meat Market

CONGRESS ST.,

The best place in the city from which to order

FRESH MEAT OF ALL KINDS

Beefsteak, Porksteak, Sausage

Hams, Bacons, Shoulders.

None but the VERY BEST MEATS bought or sold.

ARE YOU COMING TO THE FAIR?

is a prevailing question this week.

A more pertinent question is

Are You Going to Smith's Grocery?

There are many good reasons why both questions should be answered in the affirmative. Smith's stock of Groceries is of the best throughout. You can always get what you want there, and you can be certain you are paying only the lowest market price.

Leave your orders for fruit and all kinds of country produce at Smith's Grocery.

ARTHUR H. SMITH, Prop.

SENIOR LIFE INSURANCE.

THE AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO., OF ELKHART, IND.

Is the BEST Senior Life Ins. Co. in the World. The lowest assessments. Only one each month. No annual dues. No pools. Each month pays the losses for that month. ABSOLUTELY SAFE. Pays promptly without quibbling. Will transfer members from other Co.'s free.

Address the Secretary at Elkhart, Ind. S. STEWART, Sec'y.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITHE & POWERS, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - PERRY F. POWERS.)

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich

LONGEVITY.—The following analysis and classification of the ages of pioneers who have died in this county during the past year, does not support the idea that the limit of human life is shortening:

100 to 110 years	2	75 to 80	15
95 to 100	1	70 to 75	11
90 to 95	3	65 to 70	9
85 to 90	8	60 to 65	6
80 to 86	15	55 to 60	2

"DEUBEL'S RAILROAD."—The last deeds for right of way for the branch track to Deubel's mill were sent in to the railroad company this week, and the construction of that important addition to our business facilities will doubtless be begun at once. It ought to be completed in two weeks from the time of commencement.

FOLLETT HOUSE CHANGES OWNERS.—The Follett House of this city passed into the possession of Mr. W. H. Woodmancy of Vernon, Mich, last Friday, the consideration received by Mr. Moorman being a 320-acre farm, located near Vernon, together with buildings, stock, etc. The farm and stock are said to be valued at about $27,000. The Follett House will continue under the management of Mr. W. H. Lewis.

INTERESTING LECTURE.—Lieutenant J. P. Finley of the U. S. A. Signal Corps, will deliver a lecture at the M. E. Church, Monday evening, Sept. 26, at 7:30 p. m. Subject—"Signals. The Art of Signaling and its relation to the necessities of Peace and War." Under the auspices of the "Church Aid" Society. Lieut. Finley generously gives his time and labor in this matter to aid the ladies in refitting the parsonage.

THE OLD CEMETERY MATTER.—At the Council meeting, Monday evening, city attorney Whitman submitted a written opinion, holding that there was no question of the city's authority to vacate the old cemetery and remove the bodies and monuments to the new. The opinion was received and laid over, and it is probable that steps will be taken at the next meeting to bring about the result so desirable to all concerned—the vacation of that ground.

SCHOOL BOARD COMMITTEES.—The following standing committees were announced for the ensuing year by the president and confirmed by the board, at the last meeting:

On Buildings and Grounds—Batchelder, Woodruff and Osband.

On Heating and Fuel—Woodruff, Taylor and King.

On Claims and Accounts—Thompson, Osband and Taylor.

On Teachers and Books—King, Osband and Batchelder.

On Supplies—Batchelder, Thompson and Woodruff.

On Library—Osband, King and Taylor.

SUICIDE.—Joseph Vogel, a Swiss who had lived here some years, and was latterly employed on the farm west of town by Fred Maulbetsch, of whose wife he was a relative, committed suicide some day last week. He disappeared from the farm on Tuesday, and on Saturday his body was found in a barn, with his throat cut and a bloody knife near. He had twice before attempted to kill himself, and no doubt was entertained that he had met his death by his own hand. Justice Joslyn held an inquest, and a verdict was returned in accordance with these facts.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.—Mr. E. C. Warner of this city has resigned his position on the county school board, on account of the demands of his private business, and Judge Harriman has appointed Prof. Lodeman to fill the vacancy. Mr. Warner had served six years, and had one more year to serve. Mr. Geo. S. Wheeler of Salem and Prof. Lodeman will constitute the board under the new law, and they will organize by choosing a secretary the latter part of this month, and hold an examination of teachers at the high school building here on the 30th.

A PECULIAR CASE.—John Schiappacasse, the Italian fruit vender formerly in this city and now at Ann Arbor, has applied for an annulment of his marriage to his wife, Rosa Villa, on the ground that she is insane and demented and was so at the time of marriage in Italy, in 1879. He sets up in his application that he was deceived and entrapped into the marriage by her friends, who after the marriage induced him to bring her to America for benefit from change of climate. Instead of that, she has grown worse, is incurable, and has been a public charge for five years, he being impoverished by his efforts to improve or cure her. He therefore petitions that the marriage be declared null and void. The case is said to involve interesting legal points. We knew of a case of annulment of a marriage by an Illinois court, some years ago, on the ground of duress and undue influence over the bride by her parents. The parties had lived together some years, and had a child, but the marriage was annulled and declared never to have existed.

A LARGE CROWD COMING.—The demand for exhibition space for the Eastern Michigan Fair, which opens on their grounds here next Tuesday has been so great that new buildings are being erected to accommodate exhibitors. Unless the weather should entirely prevent, there will be a larger crowd in Ypsilanti next week than was ever before attracted here.

TRIPLE ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION.—A reception will be given at St. Luke's Rectory on Friday evening, Sept. 23, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the organization of St. Luke's church; the 10th anniversary of the marriage of the Rector and his wife, and the 5th anniversary of the Rectorship of the present pastor of St. Luke's. In response to enquiries which have been made by those not members of St. Luke's Parish, it may be stated, that the invitation to the reception is extended to all friends, irrespective of church relation. All friends and well wishers who desire to attend the reception are invited.

ANOTHER CORPS.—The gospel tent evangelists have departed, but the vacancy thus created in evangelistic circles has been filled by the arrival of two young men with a big base drum. They make an abbreviated parade on the streets each evening, and hold their meetings in Good Templar's hall. We have not learned the exact line of work which the young men feel themselves called to take up, but whatever it be, if they are honest and earnest, it is better than smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. Their base drum may cause ridicule and sarcastic comments, but there are worse afflictions than ridicule and sarcasm, and the young men can continue their parades and singing in spite of these if they be the means of doing good in any way.

The Methodist Conference.

The Detroit Annual Conference, in session at Saginaw, closed on Tuesday. Detroit Central church is designated as the place of the next conference.

Resolutions have been adopted in favor of establishing a bishop and an episcopal residence at Detroit.

Delegates to the next quadrennial General Conference, to meet in New York next year, were chosen as follows:

MINISTERIAL—Arthur Edwards, D. D., editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago; L. R. Fiske, D. D., president of Albion College; L. P. Davis, West Bay City; A. J. Bigelow, East Saginaw; Jacob Horton, Port Huron; J. S. Smart, D. D., Albion. Reserves, W. H. Shier and Jesse Kilpatrick.

LAY DELEGATES—Horace Hitchcock, Detroit; Judge C. R. Brown, St. Ignace. Reserves, Mrs. David Preston, Detroit, Prof. W. J. Cocker, Adrian.

The following are the appointmemts of ministers in the two districts embracing Washtenaw county, and of Presiding Elders and such ministers in other districts as are known to our people:

DETROIT DISTRICT—J. L. HUDSON, P. E.

Detroit, Asbury church, E. Mitchell; Cass-ave. church, M. E. Cohern; Central, W. S. Studley; Haven church, C. S. Eastman; Lincoln-ave., L. P. Davies; Ninde church, S. P. Warner; Palmer memorial, W. Smith; Preston church, E. B. Bancroft; Simson, M. C. Hawks; Tabernacle, W. Dawe; Woodward-ave., F. A. Smart.

Belleville, R. L. Hewson.
Birmingham, John Hamilton.
Brighton, D. J. Odell,
Clarkston, H. W. Hicks.
Dearborn, F. Berry.
Denton, J. A. Lowry.
Flat Rock, W. Cork.
Greenfield and Grace, D. Burnham Tracy.
Howell, J. H. Kilpatrick.
Leesville, L. L. Houghton.
Pinckney, H. Marshall.
Plymouth, M. Thann.
Pontiac, C. T. Allen.
Rawsonville, A. Ebling.
Redford, R. C. Lanning.
Royal Oak, D. M. Ward.
Salem, S. Bird.
South Lyon, F. Bradley.
Stockbridge, L. S. Tedman.
Trenton, John Wesley.
Wayne, J. A. McAlwaine.
Whitmore, S. W. Bird.
Wyandotte, J. Stansfield.
Ypsilanti, J. Venning.

ADRIAN DISTRICT—T. J. JOSLIN, P. E.

Addison, O. T. Winton.
Adrian, C. H. Morgan.
Ann Arbor, W. W. Ramsay.
Blissfield, W. J. Clack.
Carleton, D. W. Giberson.
Chelsea, J. H. McIntosh.
Clayton, E. P. Pearce.
Clinton, Arthur W. Stalker.
Deerfield, D. H. Ramsdell.
Dexter, T. H. Adams.
Dixborough, E. Jager.
Dundee, J. G. Morgan.
Franklin, F. E. Pearce.
Grass Lake, J. M. Kerrige.
Hudson, A. B. Storms.
Lambertville, C. W. Baldwin.
Lima, H. Palmer.
Manchester, W. B. Pope.
Milan and Oakville, M. H. Bartram.
Monroe, W. W. Washburne.
Morenci, D. B. Shier.
Munich and Fitchburg, T. B. McGee.
Napoleon and Brooklyn, M. E. Lyons.
Palmyra, A. R. Laing.
Ridgeway, W. H. Benton.
Saline, D. H. Yokum.
Stony Creek, M. H. McMahon.
Tecumseh, T. G. Potter.
Waterloo, C. L. Church.
Weston, R. L. Cope.

FLINT DISTRICT—JAMES S. SMART, P. E.

Flint, Garland st., H. S. White.
Holly, J. C. Wortley.

SAGINAW DISTRICT—S. REED, P. E.

Caro, Jesse Kilpatrick.
East Saginaw, Jefferson st., W. H. Shier.

PT. HURON DISTRICT—JACOB HORTON, P. E.

Mt. Clemens, O. J. Perrin.
Pt. Huron, J. McEldowney.
Romeo, I. E. Springer.

MARQUETT DISTRICT—A. B. BARTLETT, P. E.

ALPENA DISTRICT—F. E. CASTER, P. E.

Tawas Circuit, S. G. Taylor.

ASSIGNMENTS.

Joseph F. Berry, associate editor Michigan Christian Advocate.

Arthur Edwards, editor Northwestern Christian Advocate, 57 Washington-st., Chicago.

L. R. Fiske, president of Albion college.

D. C. Jacokes, chaplain of the eastern Michigan asylum.

C. M. Stuart, assistant editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

G. L. Pearson, missionary to Brizona.

O. W. Willits, L. W. Pilcher, G. R. Davis, Wang-Ching Yum, missionaries to China.

D. C. Challis, missionary to Bulgaria.

W. C. Kitchen, missionary to Japan.

Edward Craven, missionary to Dakota.

Samuel Weir, George S. Davis, Phillip Price, S. R. Dean, A. H. Delong and Henry E. Wolfe, left without appointments to attend some of the church schools.

H. O. Parker, Chaplain of the Ionia house of correction.

Died.

Mrs. Hattie J. Sanford, wife of J. H. Sanford, south Huron street, died of consumption, last Thursday, Sept. 15, aged 30 years. Her husband and one child, three or four years old, survive her.

Mrs. Elizabeth Graves, mother of Mrs. Gilmore, River street, died last Sunday, Sept, 18, aged 81 years. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. W. McLean, Tuesday afternoon, and the remains were taken to Tecumseh for burial, Wednesday morning.

Normal Items.

In response to an appeal made the close of last term by Mrs. Osband to the students for contributions to the museum, quite a number of students who returned brought back specimens of rock, shells, fossils, etc., from various parts of the state, and some who did not return sent similar tokens of their interest in the Normal and its museum.

A fine collection of sandstones has been received from the "Soo." They were dredged from the bed of the river and some are beautifully mottled, while others are in layers of light and dark colors. Sent by A. J. Murray of '84.

Four hundred and ninety-three students classified up to Tuesday evening.

Ninety-eight candidates for the privileges and duties of seniors, at the first call, Sept. 20. About the same number as in preceding years.

The committee on the lecture and music course for the coming season are preparing to outdo even the excellent course of last year.

Mr. John Howland returned last week from his visit to the land beyond the Mississippi. Mr. Howland is the owner of a tract of land near Deadwood, Dakota, in which is deposited a valuable bed of marble, mention of which has before been made. A railroad is being built within a few miles of Mr. Howland's marble quarry, and the wealth now buried will soon be developed.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spokes, whose marriage was announced last week, returned home Tuesday from a wedding tour in the northern part of the state. They received an unexpected call last evening from a band of uniformed Maccabees, of which order Mr. Spokes is a member, the purpose of the visit being to present the recently married Maccabee with a handsome patent rocking chair.

THE DAILY YPSILANTIAN will be sold by boys on the streets next week for five cents per copy.

Lieut. John Finley, whose visit here was mentioned last week, was summoned to New York Tuesday, on some important business connected with the signal service department. He will return Saturday, and will fill his engagement to lecture at the Methodist Church next Monday evening.

The cricket game between the Grand Rapids club and the Ypsilanti players, announced to take place last Saturday, was prevented by the inability of the Grand Rapids men to keep their engagement. Arrangements have been made, however, to play the game here next Tuesday. The Ypsilanti boys were treated with unusual kindness and consideration on the occasion of their visit to Grand Rapids, and they intend to return the courtesies with interest when the "second city" boys come here.

Frank Keller, the young pugilist whose home is in this city, had a glove fight with a Windsor, Ont., man, at Grand Rapids last Friday night, the Canadian being easily worsted by Keller. Keller now challenges any manipulator of hard hands in the state to join with him in a knock-down demonstration. We don't approve of your ambition, at all, Frank. Give up prize-fighting and use the strength and activity you possess in some better way than pounding men's faces. The fame to be gained in such a life is hollow and worthless. Give it up and be a manly man in action as well as in strength.

Mr. O. E. Hawkins, editor of the Saline Observer made us a friendly call last week. Mr. Hawkins has been much distressed in spirit during the past few weeks, by the story started by an envious Ann Arbor editor that he had transferred his affections from his bicycle to a female woman, as Samantha Allen puts it, and had been quietly married. Mr. H. still clings to the wheel for better or for worse, and envies not the purchasers of potatoes and second-hand school books.

Much complaint is being made by residents in the central part of the city over the annoyance and discomfort caused by the colored band, which continues its practice night after night until nearly midnight. It is to be hoped the boys may be persuaded to adjourn at a more reasonable hour in the future.

Nothing has been heard of the thieves who possessed themselves of Daniel Pierce's horse last week, and the probabilities are day by day increasing in favor of the matter being placed in the catagory of the eternal unknown, or words to that effect.

Harry Sayles, the "singing evangelist," left Saturday last for Battle Creek where he is now conducting a series of revival meetings. Mr. Sayles has a campaign of evangelist work before him that will occupy his time until next spring, and that extends to points in several western states.

Personal.

Clifford McBain, of Charleston, Ill., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Albert Crane of Detroit is visiting here with her father, Judge Ninde.

Mrs. O. E. Pratt and daughter Ruby are visiting friends in Monroe county, New York.

Miss Lena Worden was the guest of friends in Detroit last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Crosby of Caro City, Mich., is visiting here, the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. B. Dunham.

Mrs. James W. Martin of Sioux City, Iowa, is visiting with relatives in this city.

Miss Carrie Glover of Detroit is visiting here, the guest of her brother, Mr. H. P. Glover.

Mr. Chas. F. Earl, an expert mechanic recently of Adrian, is now in the employ of Mr. O. E. Thompson of this city, and his skill will in the future be utilized in building the famous Thompson seeders.

A. M. Noble made a visit here last week. Mr. Noble enjoys his home in Detroit, but is not inclined to forget his old love—Ypsilanti.

Mrs H. Murran and children, of Chicago, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rigney.

Deputy U. S. Marshal, Al B. Bedell, of Menominee, Mich., was in the city Monday on a short visit with his brother, Mr. A. A. Bedell.

P. R. Cleary, H. T. Coe, George Key, W. P. Bowen, Dr. Van Fossen and others from this city, attended the Booth and Barrett presentation of Julius Caesar in Detroit last Saturday night.

Mr. Pusey W. Moore, of Ann Arbor, and Miss Ida C. Darling, of Ypsilanti, were married yesterday, at the residence of the bride's parents in Ypsilanti town, Rev. Samuel D. Breed of Ann Arbor officiating.

Mr. A. A. Miller, the well-known agent of the White Sewing Machine Co. in this city, started last Monday for an extended western trip that will embrace the cities of Chicago, Lincoln, Neb., and Denver Col. The visit is in part a business one, and in part a health-seeking journey.

Mr. Grove Spencer has removed from the corner of Pearl and Adams streets into residence lately occupied by Prof. Pease, on Congress street—in the brick building owned by Mrs. Samuel Vought.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert left yesterday for Jackson where they will visit with friends and view the State Fair. They will also visit relatives at Grass Lake before they return home.

Charley Sewell of Chicago has been visiting with relatives here during the past week.

John Haggerty, of Orange, Texas, a former resident of this city, is enjoying a visit here this week.

Thomas Witherell, of Kimball, Dakota, formerly engaged in the meat market business here, spent the past week revisiting his old home and friends.

The veteran John Geddes, 86 years old last March, paid a visit to town Tuesday, walking the whole distance, three miles.

Mr. F. P. Bogardus is in Detroit this week, assisting Mr. D. J. Campau in the management of the fall meeting of the Detroit Driving Club, which began Tuesday and will conclude Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Orcutt have returned to Ypsilanti and will again take up their residence here. Mr. Orcutt has leased the Follett House barn and is making arrangements to transform it into a livery and feed establishment.

Mrs. George Richel and family leave next Monday for Ithica, Mich., where they will spend about two months, visiting with Mrs. Richel's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings.

Mr. A. J. Paisley of this city, for several years employed in the general freight office of the Michigan Central at Detroit, has been appointed freight and ticket agent of the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern Michigan road at Ann Arbor, and took charge of the station there last week.

James Stewart, a deaf mute who has been employed as a compositor in this office for several years, departed last Saturday for Washington, D. C., where he expects to enter the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as a student. He has been a very faithful and efficient employe here, and his natural capabilities will, we are sure, give him a good rank in the institution to which he goes. His mother and sisters live on Pearl street.

Mr. E. P. Allen left Monday evening for Dakota where he will spend the remainder of the present month. He goes by invitation of the Southern Dakota Fair Association, and will deliver an address at the Association's meeting at Mitchell, next week.

Mr. Herbert S. Humphries has gone into the photographic business in Kalamazoo with a Mr. L. C. Abbey. Mr. Humphries gained a reputation as an artist in his line in this city that caused his work to be deemed the criterion of excellence. He has the happy faculty of pleasing his patrons in a business way and the more desirable one of giving satisfaction with his work. Mr. Abbey and Kalamazoo will learn by experience that they possess in Herbert a talented and painstaking young artist.

Mere Mention.

It is now lawful to kill woodcock, but it is always lawful to kill woodchuck—except on Sunday.

The Ypsilanti paper mill was put in operation Tuesday, after being stopped for repairs for five weeks.

Our townsman, Mr. E. C. Warner, who is building the Stony Creek Methodist church, suffered a loss of a hundred dollars by the hurricane of two weeks ago, which blew in the south end of the partially completed building.

Mr. Shannon's stereoptican entertainment at the opera house, Saturday evening, embraced a large collection of most valuable and interesting views in Egypt and Arabia Petra; but his "lecture" was an absurdly childish talk upon a subject of which he knows very little.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Synod of Michigan will hold its 14th annual meeting in the Presbyterian church, here, commencing Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 7:30 p. m., continuing through the next day and evening. The Woman's Synodical Home Missionary Society will hold its 8th annual meeting on the following day, Oct, 6, at the same place.

Washtenaw District Lodge, I. O. G. T., at its meeting in Milan, decided to hold the next district meeting in Ypsilanti. Col. Larned's address at the Milan meeting was warmly approved. His demand is for straight prohibition.

J. H. Steers, publisher of the Wayne Review, has established a paper at Plymouth, called the Plymouth Mail. The first number appeared last week.

Thomas O'Brien, a pensioner of the Mexican war living in Northfield, had a leg and rib broken by being thrown from his buggy in Ann Arbor, last week. He is over 70 years old, and such an injury is very severe.

Ann Arbor is in fresh trouble, with her new treasurer. His bond was pronounced defective and was referred back for correction. The treasurer, Mr. E. E. Beal, took exception, and intimated that if the bond was not satisfactory the Council might find another treasurer. The trouble was partially smoothed, but Ann Arbor has no treasurer yet.

Ypsilanti will be represented at the Farmington fair this week by several young men who will pose as professors of the cane and ring pitching industry. A versatile community this. We are at present being represented abroad by one congressman, nine opera singers, twenty-eight school teachers, one evangelist, one prize fighter, four actors, twenty-two students, two preachers, three editors, three jockeys, forty traveling men, and in other lines too numerous to mention.

Mrs. John Rock of Hastings, Mich., has been visiting here this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walterhouse.

Mr. John Walterhouse of Washington, D. C., has been visiting his brother, Geo. Walterhouse, here this week. Mr. Walterhouse is a practical millwright and has made several important improvements in milling machinery.

The Sunday School hour at the Methodist church next Sunday will be devoted to the presentation of temperance instruction. All are invited.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will have a tent on the fair grounds next week, from which they will distribute temperance literature and in which they will receive and care for packages. They will hold their usual weekly meeting in the Methodist chapel next Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

A dime social will be held at the residence of A. W. Kenney, corner of Pearl and Ballard st., under the auspices of the Women's Relief Corps, Friday evening, Sept. 23. Refreshments including peaches and cream will be served during the evening, for which no extra charge will be made. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

The Ypsilantian suggests that if Ann Arbor loses anything by the recent defalcation "there's that $5,000 boom fund to fall back upon." That fund seems to worry our downstream neighbors, considerably.—Courier. Oh, no; not the least in the world. We like it; and we're bound to keep up with the record of the injunction suits, if we have to sit up nights.

Anyone finding a new boot will confer a favor on the loser, a poor boy, by leaving it at A. A. Bedell's shoe store, at the depot.

A mistake was made in our business review last week in placing Gaudy's bakery on Huron street instead of on Congress street. We would much regret the mistake if by it any of our readers should be induced to purchase an inferior quality of bread, thinking they were patronizing Gaudy. Next door east of the First National bank is the place to buy the best.

Windsor McCay, the gifted young lightning sketch artist who recently graduated from Cleary's Business College, is this week giving exhibitions of his skill and genius in Detroit. He gave a chalk talk before one of the Normal societies last Friday evening, and the excellence and rapidity of his work astonished all who for the first time saw the pictures form under his swift touches. Study and perseverance are all that are needed to gain for young McCay a position by the side of the noted sketch artists of this country—he as the talent and genius necessary.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887.

Pierre wants Fort Sully removed to within a few miles of that city.

The postoffice department does not recognize the title of "postmistress."

The population of Great Britain is increasing at the rate of one thousand a day.

One San Francisco firm cleared $3,000,000 on its salmon operations this season.

A 1,400-pound grizzly bear was killed a few days ago near Baker City, Oregon.

The model of the first English steam vessel was laid before the Board of Admiralty in 1789.

There are only three Japanese waiters in New York city, and for that matter in this country.

"Our army," says that plain-spoken Britisher Labouchere, "is a disgrace to the financial good sense of the country."

One of the strongest men in Boston is a knife-grinder, who recently picked up a sick horse and carried it to its owner's stable.

According to the *Journal of Health*, the human brain reaches its greatest weight and development between the ages of 14 and 20.

There are three thousand shooting and deer forests in Scotland, which afford constant employment to about six thousand men.

A poet dolefully exclaims: "Ah! where are the girls of long ago?" He will find them in a convention of grandmothers or in the ballet.

Sir John Puleston, who was recently knighted by Queen Victoria, is an American, and was agent for the State of Pennsylvania at Washington during war times.

Fashionable ladies now surround themselves with sweet odors by pouring one or two drops of perfume into their ears instead of scenting their handkerchiefs or hands.

It is said that Queen Kapiolani's English has been much improved by her recent tour. Kalakaua considers her tongue Sandwich about as usual in its strength and piequancy.

The Salvation Army people say that captains are seldom left in one place more than six months, and that majors are transferred from one field of labor to another about once a year.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month.

Richard Bean, a young hostler in Boston, is one of the heirs to a property in Texas said to be worth several millions. This will tend to increase the high respect already entertained in Boston for the Bean family.

Charles Dudley Warner is of the opinion that two-thirds of the men of to-day would rather be Jay Gould than James Russell Lowell. And probably nearly all men would rather be George Gould than either one of them.

A society for the protection of personal liberty was recently organized by the German-born residents of Philadelphia. Its chief object is to eradicate from the statute books the laws which close saloons on Sunday.

In the negroes' cemetery at Montezuma, Ga., on the headboard of a grave is pasted a picture of a large dog, wearing a collar on which are printed the words "Ever Faithful." The picture was taken from a cigar box.

In northern New Jersey a boy 19 years old has been sent to an insane asylum, his mind having been deranged on the subject of horses. He bargained for horses whenever he could, and had people constantly driving to his home to get their money.

People in grape-raising countries eat grapes without chewing, skinning or seeding. The most agreeable way to eat the fruit is to bolt it as fast as it can be swallowed comfortably, pressing the grape between the teeth so as to open up the bulb enough to give the flavor.

The result of investigations made by the English labor bureau shows that workingmen in many trades contribute to their unions about 3 per cent of their wages. They actually save much more than many men who are constantly preaching "thrift" to the laboring class.

A Jewish witness was sworn in at a recent trial in Providence, R. I., in the regular American way, after which he put on his hat and asked to be sworn according to the custom of his fathers. The court did not have the necessary form at hand, and the witness went to the stand, remarking: "I will try to tell the truth, but ——" apparently in doubt as to the efficacy of our methods of truth-telling.

Prof. Beal of Michigan, says that to take out the Norway spruce would deprive us of one of the best, if not the most desirable, evergreens at least so far as he can judge for thirty years. He knows of no conifer to take its place. The balsam fir, he says, is very handsome for ten to twelve years, when it begins to dwindle. The American arbor vitæ does well in damp places, but on dry ground, if left to itself, it soon dies in places and looks bad.

The Portland *Oregonian* says: Two monstrous sea lions were caught in a salmon net belonging to R. S. Van Tuyl, near Ilwaco, Washington territory, a few days ago. The largest was 11 feet 9 inches long, 3 feet across the widest part, 44 inches in circumference at the head, and weighed between 1,800 and 2,000 pounds. Fishermen say he was the largest sea lion they had ever seen, and shudder when they calculate the number of salmon required to make a meal for the monster. The smallest of the pair was 9 feet long, and would have been considered very large but for the enormous dimensions of its mate.

If somebody will rise and explain how it happens that a flannel shirt will stupidly persist in creeping up about a fellow's neck, while his socks as perversely festoon themselves around his shoe-tops, he may not achieve immortality, but he will deserve to do so.—*Fall River Advance.*

This State has a good many women cashiers, and a contemporary notes the fact that not one of them has fled to Canada. It is a gratifying fact, and yet it shows that women cannot master the inner intricacies of business to half the extent of their male contemporaries.—*The Judge.*

"BOUNCING BETSY."

A jaunty little maid's abroad,
And courtesies in a sly way,
When met where laughin sunlights poured,
Along the Summer highway,
Most merrily she nods and bends,
With heart no care begetting,
And to each passer gaily sends
A glance of sweet coquetting.

She loiters where the cars rush by;
Beside the tracks up gazes,
The city tourist to espy,
And note the latest crazes,
But nothing tempts her from her haunt,
Where Summer sweet is smiling;
No passing face awhakes a want,
This dancing sprite beguiling.

And where a solitude it seems,
That birds to song inspires,
Among the flecking glooms and gleams,
She lists the sylvan choirs,
Till all her heart is thrilling so,
The zephyrs there she lets see,
The joy that makes her dancing go,
And proves it's "Bouncing Betsy."

As blithe of breast as "Bouncing Bet,"
This little wayside flower;
I would some spell each heart would set
A-dancing every hour.
However shade and sheen might net,
O'er hearts with such sweet graces,
What Summer earth would gladden yet—
A world of smiling faces!

FAIR OPHELIA.

BY S. E.

CHAPTER I.

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride should leave her home;
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day.

"Come, Basil; are you ready?"

Hazel Glandore spoke impatiently, regarding her brother's slow movements with growing disfavour.

Basil said nothing, and tying the big boquet he had been gathering with a dainty satin bow, followed his sister down the avenue.

"Where are Rita and Lily?" he asked as they entered the broad shady road. "I thought they were coming?"

"Rita went on before, having promised to call for Lilly on her way. I do hope we sha'n't be late!"

"No fear of that. How impatient you are, Hazel!" Basil exclaimed merrily.

The girl smiled, then glanced down at the pale blue muslin robe she had put on so carefully an hour ago.

"As we promised Peggy faithfully we would be there, I do not see why you should make me break my word. Won't she be pleased to see you?"

"She ought to be; anyhow I wouldn't have missed the wedding for all the world. I never shall forget how bravely the dear girl nursed me through that terrible fever when no one else dared come near me. I owe her a debt of gratitude."

Hazel gently squeezed her brother's arm, but there were tears in the tender eyes she fixed upon him.

How well she remembered those dreadful days, and the grief it had been to them all to be forbidden Basil's room.

They had not gone far before they were met by two young girls, one bearing an unmistakable likeness to Hazel; the other, a tall stately maiden, with an almost colourless beautiful face, and masses of fair flaxen hair.

Her clear blue eyes brightened wonderfully when they fell upon Hazel's companion, and she held out both hands in eager welcome.

"I am so glad to see you home once more!" she exclaimed in a low muscial voice. "How well you look; I scarcely knew you."

"Please don't say that, or I shall regret having left Dalyville. Are you also bound for Peggy's wedding?"

"Yes; it is the least we can do after all she has done for us."

Lily's voice dropped as she said those last words, and Basil almost thought he detected a slight tremor in in the low tones.

With an expression of suppressed eagerness on his handsome sunbrowned face, he bent towards her, trying to look into her downcast eyes.

"Then you were not quite indifferent? You did want me to get well?" he muttered earnestly.

She did not lift her eyes, but a delicate rose-flush suddenly tinged the clear pallor of her skin.

There was a sweet smile on her lips when she answered him:

"I cared so much, that had Peggy failed in the task she so nobly undertook, I should have died."

Basil listened rapturously to those fervent words; he had always loved sweet-faced Lily, but had feared lest her heart remained untouched by the passion in his own.

Now all doubts were cast aside, and he knew that the love he courted was indeed his own.

Hazel and Rita walked innocently on before, never guesing the pretty scene that was being enacted almost under their eyes; their soft laughter and half-whispered sentences were the only sounds that broke the silence which followed Lily's avowal.

The little rustic church was soon reached, and already groups of lads and lasses, all dressed in holiday attire, were gathered about the porch.

Many meaning looks and bright smiles greeted the squire's only son as he took his place, with his sisters and Lily near the gate.

"We are only just in time," Hazel whispered, giving Basil's arm a playful pinch.

Almost before she had finished speaking the crowd divided into two uneven lines, making way for the bride and bridegroom.

Such a sweet pretty bride, looking like a rosebud in her soft snowy robes, and wreaths of dainty white flowers.

Her dark eyes shone like jewels from beneath her veil, and as she shyly bent her head quietly acknowledging the nods and smiles of her old companions, her fluffy brown hair fell round her face, making a fitting frame for so fair a picture.

She did not perceive Basil. There was an amused smile on his lips as advanced to meet her.

Before she had quite realized who was so close to her, a fragrant bouquet was placed in her hand, and she felt something heavy fall round her neck.

Peggy started and released her young husband's arm; the colour deepened in her cheeks, and gladness made her eyes darker when she saw who it was.

"Oh, Master Basil! is it you?" she cried joyously. "When did you arrive?"

"Only this morning, Peggy, just in time to wish you ever happiness in your new life. But there, I need not doubt that; Simon's a good fellow, and deserves even you."

Peggy's cheeks grew still rosier, and her husband's face relaxed into a broad grin.

He appreciated flattery quite as much as his pretty bride, and Basil's eyes had spoken just as eloquently as his voice.

"Thank you, Master Basil; it is like you not to forget those who did you a good turn in the old days. Peggy is proud of having saved your life, and I am prouder still of her having done so."

"Bravely spoken! Come, Simon, give me your hand; once more I wish you happiness."

Simon grasped Basil's hand in his own hard palm, and watched jealously as the squire's young son pressed an affectionate kiss on Peggy's rosy cheek.

The next instant the bridal train had continued on its road, and Basil turned to find another addition to their own small party.

Standing beside Lily, with his cold dark eyes fixed amusedly upon Basil, was a singular-looking man, whose face wore but one expression now —that of silent scorn.

As young Glandore met his regard, however, he quickly averted his eyes, and bent them admiringly upon the fair-haired girl beside him.

"I wonder Simon is not jealous of Master Basil!" he whispered mockingly. "I should be were I in his place!"

"Lily glanced swiftly up, and a faint tinge of colour dyed her cheeks.

"You forget. Peggy has known Basil nearly all her life, besides saving his life by her unselfish devotion. Simon would not be the true-hearted fellow he is if he saw harm in that kiss."

There was a sneer on Ralph Rosslyn's face, and for one moment he savagely ground his teeth.

Lily's haughty voice had stung him bitterly, making him feel how little she really cared for him.

"All I can say is, Glandore's a lucky man, and I only wish I had two such devoted admirers."

"I do not know what you mean," Lily answered, her eyes flashing with sudden anger.

As Basil neared her side she placed her hand on his arm, an expression of relief crossing her fair face; without so much as a parting glance she left Ralph standing there—alone.

He bit his moustache fiercely, and mastering his rage with an effort, he hurried after Hazel and Rita.

"Where are you going now?" he asked quietly.

Hazel smiled, and lifted her soft brown eyes to his moody face.

"Did not Gipsy tell? We are to have a tennis fight this morning, and she is coming. I wonder you did not bring her with you."

"I did not see her. But who else will be there?"

The pretty colour deepened in Hezel's cheeks, and even Rita averted her face that he might not see the conscious look so plainly visible.

"Only the Belmonts."

Ralph glanced at both girls keenly, noticing with faint scorn their telltale expressions.

"Miss Audley is very beautiful! I have rarely seen anyone so fair."

"No; that is why we always call her 'Fair Ophelia.' Her name is really Ophelia, though she is better known as Lily."

"You have known her a long time?"

"Nearly ten years. Indeed, we are just like sisters."

Rosslyn ceased his questions, and let his eyes wander towards Basil and Lily Audley.

The sight of those two together did not please him, and he would have given the world to have interrupted their *tet-a-tete.*

They had reached Glen Innes by now, and Lilly was being eagerly welcomed by the squire.

Two young men and a tiny dark-eyed girl were standing near the tennis-lawn.

"At last! I thought you were never coming!" Gilbert Belmont exclaimed, advancing towards Hazel. "If Miss Gipsy hadn't been here to take compassion on us we should have died of impatience.

"Then why did'nt you go with us to the church? I am sure Peggy would have been delighted at you presence," Hazel said sweetly, bending over a large assortment of rackets to choose her own from them.

"No, thank you!" Gilbert muttered, shrugging his shoulders carelessly; "I hate weddings!"

"Do you? How will you ever make up your mind to get married, if the idea of a wedding is so distasteful to you?"

Gilbert let his eyes rest tenderly on the girl's winsome face, trying hard to meet her downbent eyes. He failed in this, however, for Hazel kept them steadily fixed before her.

"I have already made up my mind to that; and as I shall be the chief actor in the scene, I sha'n't feel so bored! Besides, will it not be to gain my heart's desire, Hazel?"

The girl blushed, and laughed just a little confusedly. He had to clasp her soft hand tightly in his, so she could not move away, even had she wished to do so.

"When may I speak to your father, darling? You keep telling me to wait until I am growing quite distracted. I must know whether he is willing to give me his daughter!" Gilbert went on bravely, feeling he had an opportunity to plead to her which did not often fall to his lot. Usually Hazel shunned him, remaining near her sister or Lilly when he was there.

"Ask him to-day if you like—I don't care," Hazel whispered shyly; then, as he would have murmured words of thanks in her tiny ear, she broke from his clasp, and crossed the lawn.

"How is it Mr. Rossyln, you've not a pardner yet?" she said, as she passed the spot where Ralph stood alone.

"I have been waiting for you," he answered, speaking the untruth with calm serenity.

"Thank you. But where is Gypsy?"

"Talking to your father."

Hazel hurried off, and soon found Ralph's young sister chatting gaily with the squire.

"Come, Gypsy; Mr. Belmont is waiting for you; we want to begin our game!" she said gently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Woman of the People.

The New York *World* correspondent writing of Mrs. Cleveland's pleasures and ways at Marion, tells this little story:

Many are the odd characters who come here from the surrounding country places, hoping to see Mrs. Cleveland. They are mostly quiet and inoffensive, and seldom give the object of their admiration any reasonable cause for complaint. A large portion of them are farmers with their families, who drive into town from all directions, and the interest they take in the President's wife is almost pathetic rather than droll, for to many of them the little journey and fleeting glimpses they may chance to get of her are the events of a lifetime.

One of the strangest and at the same time most touching incidents of this nature occurred yesterday morning. Two deaf and dumb people, an old gentleman and his wife, came in on the train, and by writing on a pad of paper, contrived to let it be known they wanted to be shown Mrs. Cleveland's house. The *World* correpondent offered his services as "guide, philosopher, and friend" for this occasion only. The three stepped into a waiting carriage and drove away, the correspondent holding a written conversation and showing the place all at once. Their strange, mysterious silence was eloquent of delight and pleasure as their guide pointed out Captain Hadley's House, showed them the tiny beach where Mrs. Cleveland bathes, Mr. Gilder's house, the town below, the church where she attended service, and other places of interest.

As we were returning to the station we met Mrs. Cleveland and her friends walking down to the landing. We were driving rapidly, and the guide did not notice her until she had bowed, with a pleasant good morning. He had had no time to prepare the minds of his charges, and passed her without their knowing it.

He explained the matter to them at once, and they were full of excitement. So we turned, drove back, and turned again, in order that they might see her. Some carriages came along just then, so that we were compelled to drive slowly, and so close to her that the guide felt an apology was necessary, and so said:

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Cleveland, but these are two unfortunates, both deaf and dumb, who have come a long distance just to look upon you for an instant." She was then standing close to the carriage, and bowed and smiled in her sweetest and most gracious manner, saying:

"I am sure I am very glad to see them." The gentleman removed his hat and bowed in a very courtly fashion, and his wife's face beamed so much pleasure as she returned Mrs. Cleveland's bow that she must have been happy to confer so much joy in so simple a manner. More smiles, more stately bows, and we drove on.

The simple, unaffected manners and the deep kindness of heart which Mrs. Cleveland shows in little things to all about her, especially to old people, children, and to those who might be said to be in a lower station of life, endears her to everybody and demonstrates that the President could not have sent out a better vote-getter than his wife has proved to be. It is this sincere kindliness of disposition which lies at the root of many of the graceful things she does, which enables her to meet every one with so much tact, and to say and do always the right thing in the right place.

Howells's First Literary Venture.

Mr. Howells was born March 1, 1837, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, opposite Wheeling, West Virginia. His father was of Welsh descent, his mother of German stock, and both were superior by education and tastes to the moderate circumstances in which they found themselves when this boy, who was one of eight children, came into the world. When he was only three years old, they left Martin's Ferry to live in Hamilton, Ohio, and then the father bought and edited the *Intelligencer*, a weekly newspaper, and his son was scarcely out of his cradle before he learned to set type. He had little regular schooling, but he was a great reader and had a natural gift for composition. He does not remember how young he was when he mastered the mysteries of the printer's trade, but it was certainly long before he was twelve.

There were leisure moment between the working hours, and he occupied these in printing compositions of his own. However precocious they may be, few young authors see their work immortalized by the dignity and permanence of type before they reach their teens; but when this lad was only eleven, he set up and printed an ambitious work of his own. A thoroughbred is not less fearless of ditch and hedge than the budding author is of his theme. Mr. Howells is called a "realist" now; he writes about men and women as they are, and will have neither villians of deep dye nor paragons of virtue in his stories; for he believes that good and evil are mixed in all of us. But he was of a different mind when he wore a white apron and stood before the printer's case, with its alphabetical compartments full of little metal letters. He boldly launched out then, not in any cockle-shell of rhyme, but in a five-act verse tragedy; and it should be needless to say that the subject was the death of a Roman Emperor. Such ventures carry too much sail for their ballast, and, like other lightly laden ships, this has not been heard from since.—*William H. Rideing, in St. Nicholas.*

An Old Comstocker's Castle.

William von Eckhoff, formerly of Sazarac villa, on the Comstock, has purchased a mansion in Hamburg for 600,000 marks. His castellated residence dominates the town. Mr. Eckhoff is one of our mining princes. Billy, however, does not go back on the land taat did not go back on him. He flies the American flag in faderland, and lives there in his native town as an American citizen. In defiance of Prince Bismark, American hog and hominy is a standing dish at his table. Old "Bis" has several times threatened to tell King William about this, but Mr. Eckhoff snaps his fingers at him, tells him that he and the king are namesakes, and that he will soon have "Unser Fritz" for a regular boarder.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

The late Colonel Spencer, of New York, it is said, defended no less than eighty-four murderers, of whom all but four got off. He never refused to defend a man because he was poor. "Like many lawyers," he used to say, "I work hard, and live well, and shall die poor." Yet he left a good estate.

Something Unique in Warfare.

Dr. Wolf, the explorer of the Sankuru river, has just told some curious facts about the Baluba tribe, who are becoming distinguished among all the millions of the Congo basin for their eagerness to accept from the whites all the ways of living and the information that they think will benefit or improve them. Long before the whites knew them they were regarded by the neighboring tribes as a most remarkable people, and they are keeping up their reputation.

Until within the past fifteen years the Baluba kept themselves strictly separate from their neighbors. They had no intercourse whatever with any other tribes. This is very unusual, for the tribes throughout Africa, if not quarreling with their neighbors, generally have many commercial dealings with them, and even in time of war the women of the hostile tribes sometimes mingle in perfect unity, exchanging their commodities.

The young men among the Baluba finally decided that it would be better for their tribe to cultivate relations with their neighbors and open the country to traders with other tribes. They had the support of their chief, but the old men and graybeards of the tribe sat their faces sternly against the innovation. With the conservatism of old age they declared that such a step would ruin the tribe. As long as they lived, they said, they would never consent that the Baluba should mix with other peoples.

Each side was determined to have its way, and the quarrel grew more and more bitter, until finally it resulted in civil war. It was one of the most remarkable wars ever waged, for on one side were ranged the old men, the fathers and counselors of the tribe, while on the other side fought the young and lusty strength of the Baluba. The sons were pitted against their elders, but in this case, as in others that might be mentioned, conservatism was simply unprogressive narrowmindedness and wisdom was with the younger party.

The struggle was short and furious. It resulted in the complete overthrow of the old men. The hatred engendered by this natural war was so intense that the vanquished were nearly exterminated. Almost all the old men were killed or were thrown with their women into the Lulua. Then the young men opened their doors to commerce.

The *Sun* has recently told how many of these Baluba are adopting the dress of the whites and are fashioning their buildings on the model of those at Luluaburg station. Dr. Wolf says they possess qualities that render them adept pupils in learning the arts of civilization. It is these people who decided a few years ago that drunkenness was a crime and a disgrace, and who at once adopted the most energetic prohibitory measures. The stimulant used by the bibulous members of the tribe was palm wine. The tribe attacked the evil at its root by cutting down all the paim trees in the country, and the Baluba to-day are remarkable for their temperate habits.—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Muldoon—Ah, Biddy, look at the black eye you'r got; wasn't yez better off on $3 a week at service? Mrs. O'Brien—What if Mike do bate me, I'm me own mistress now.—*Life.*

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161, 163 & 165 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

Stillwater
White Bear Lake
ST. PAUL
Red Wing
WISCONSIN
Green Bay
MINNEAPOLIS
Waterville
Albert Lea
Worthington
Elkton
Pipestone
Madison
MADISON
Elkhorn
Milwaukee
Elgin
Aurora
Streator
Ottawa
Joliet
Kankakee
Gilman
Watseka
Iroquois
Rensselaer
Lafayette
Delphi
Logansport
Peru
Wabash
Huntington
Fort Wayne
Toledo
Sandusky
Cleveland
Akron
Canton
Pittsburg
Allegheny
Washington
Wheeling
Zanesville
Columbus
Springfield
Dayton
Cincinnati
Covington
Louisville
Nashville
Chattanooga
Atlanta
Macon
Savannah
Charleston
Augusta
Raleigh
Goldsboro
Wilmington
Richmond
Petersburg
Norfolk
Lynchburg
Danville
Greensboro
Salisbury
Asheville
Knoxville
Bristol
Abingdon
Roanoke
Bluefield
Pocahontas
Hagerstown
Harrisburg
Altoona
Williamsport
Scranton
Wilkesbarre
Binghamton
Elmira
Corning
Hornellsville
Salamanca
Buffalo
Niagara Falls
Suspension Bridge
Rochester
Syracuse
Oneida
Utica
Rome
Oswego
Ogdensburg
Watertown
Sacketts Harbor
Plattsburgh
Burlington
Montpelier
Concord
Portsmouth
Boston
Providence
Newport
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Chicago
ROCK ISLAND
DAVENPORT
Muscatine
Iowa City
Des Moines
Winterset
Council Bluffs
Omaha
Lincoln
Beatrice
Atchison
LEAVENWORTH
KANSAS CITY
TOPEKA
Emporia
Ottawa
Burlington
Ft. Scott
Neosho
Joplin
Galena
Baxter Springs
Chanute
Independence
Coffeyville
Parsons
Muskogee
Fort Smith
Little Rock
Memphis
Vicksburg
Shreveport
Galveston
Houston
San Antonio
Austin
Waco
Denison
Sherman
Dallas
Fort Worth
Gainesville
Ardmore
Caldwell
Wichita
Arkansas City
Winfield
Eureka
Howard
Ellsworth
Salina
Abilene
Solomon
Beloit
Concordia
Clyde
Manhattan
Topeka
Lawrence
Leavenworth
Atchison
Kansas City
Independence
Lexington
Chillicothe
Trenton
Cameron
St. Joseph
Council Bluffs
Omaha
Sioux City
Yankton
Huron
Watertown
Aberdeen
Pierre
Chamberlain
Winona
Rushville
Valentine
Ogallala
Julesburg
Cheyenne
Laramie
Rawlins
Green River
Evanston
Ogden
Salt Lake City
Denver
Pueblo
Colorado Springs
Las Animas
Kit Carson
Trinidad
Santa Fe
Albuquerque
Los Lunas
Deming
Lordsburg
Benson
Tucson
Yuma
Los Angeles
San Bernardino
San Diego
San Francisco
Oakland
Sacramento
Marysville
Chico
Portland
Salem
Olympia
Tacoma
Seattle
Spokane Falls
Walla Walla
Lewiston
Helena
Butte City
Livingston
Billings
Miles City
Glendive
Fargo
Grand Forks
Duluth
Superior
Ashland
Marquette
Escanaba
Menominee
Green Bay
Oshkosh
Fond du Lac
Milwaukee
Chicago
Rock Island
Davenport
Keokuk
Quincy
Hannibal
St. Louis
Cairo
Paducah
Nashville
Chattanooga
Atlanta
Macon
Savannah
Jacksonville
Tallahassee
Pensacola
Mobile
New Orleans

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—The *Ashley Gazette* has ceased to exist.

—The new jail at Mount Pleasant is about completed.

—Clinton is doing quite a peach-shipping business.

—Grayling have been discovered in upper peninsula waters.

—Dundee has a $300,000 stock company to bore for oil, gas, or whatever can be found.

—The electric-light ordinance was passed by the Jackson council over the mayor's veto.

—The 20th Michigan infantry will hold a reunion at Charlotte about the middle of October.

—Gov. Luce has appointed James E. Henderson, of Cadillac, stenographer for the Fifteenth judicial district.

—The big schooner David Dows, which was reported lost with all hands in Lake Superior, has arrived safely at Marquette.

—Sunday night Henry W. Perry of the Thayer Lumber Company was found dead in bed at a Cadillac hotel. Heart disease was the cause.

—George Grubb, of Homer, caught a pickerel in a lake near his town which weighed nineteen pounds. It pulled him out of the boat once.

—Kalamazoo has a telegraph operator who is 19 years old and but forty-four inches high. He has to have a platform on which to do business.

—Near Ishpeming, forty men are mining gold. A twenty-five stamp mill is running which has produced about $100,000 since Nov. 10, 1884.

—A committee from Detroit invited the president to visit that city during his approaching trip. The president has "taken the matter under advisement."

—All the shafts in the Calumet and Hecla mine are now open. The upward draft in No. 2 showed no trace of fire. The authorities feel satisfied the fire is out.

—Rain subdued the fires near Pelston and Levering. The station house and two dwellings had close calls, and were saved only after a hard fight by a large gang of men.

—Professor J. R. Webb, author of several school-books and a well-known teacher, died at Benton Harbor. He was born in Watertown, New York, sixty-three years ago.

—An East Tawas, man kicked his wife about and killed her canary because she would not say he was a brute. He then killed the dog because he would not eat the canary.

—Fire caused by a thrashing engine on the farm of Thomas Bownus near Adrian, Wednesday, destroyed three barns and outbuildings, crops, implements, etc. Loss, $5,000; insured.

—Dispatches from Cheboygan, report the foundering of the schooner Niagara, of the Australasia's tow, in Wednesday's gale, near Whitefish point. Thirteen lives were lost, including the captain, his wife and family.

—Dr. Nichols, of Greenville, bought a pail of eggs that he didn't want the other day. His horse had eaten them, however, and, as the farmer in whose wagon the animal found them wanted his pay, the doctor was too fair a man to say him nay.

—It is expected that about the usual amount of logs will be put in the Menominee, in Michigan, the coming winter, which, with 150,000,000 likely to be left over, would make a total of about 650,000,000 feet for next season's sawing.

—The Railway Mail Service Association, in session at Detroit, concluded its business Wednesday, and will hold their next meeting at New Orleans. W. B. McKee, of Rahway, was elected President, and S. K. Baugham, of Camp Point, Ill., Secretary-Treasurer.

—The postoffice of Adamville, was burglarized early Wednesday morning. Hubbard Aknew is the postmaster, and operates a grocery in connection with the office. His safe was blown, and all the valuables it contained were stolen, as were several registered packages.

—The moulders of the Michigan Malleable Iron Works, at Detroit, struck a few days ago because an apprentice had been taken in. Thursday they offered to return to work if the boy was discharged. The proposition was rejected. Non-union men from Springfield will be employed.

—Alfred Sutherland, a woodsman at Camp 15 near Crystal Falls, had a narrow escape from instant death while engaged in cutting a roadway. The severe wind felled a tree, which struck him on the head, cutting it badly, also breaking the left arm and dislocating the shoulder. He was taken to the hospital with but little hopes of recovery.

—The executive Committee of the Southeastern Michigan Grand Army Association met in Adrian, Saturday, to settle the accounts of the recent encampment. After the bills are paid a surplus of $500 will remain in the treasury. Last year the association was left in debt. The prize for the largest corps of Sons of Veterans in camp, awarded by error to the Coldwater corps, the last day of the reunion, was transferred to Morenci Post.

—Capt. Frank P. Miles, Superintendent of the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, Monday afternoon found quartz carrying free gold on an exploration of the Gingrass property being conducted by the Michigan Gold Company. The specimens are rich. The State Geologist also found free gold, but in small quantities, on the same property ten days ago. The latest discovery assures the existence of gold in paying quantities. Title to the land will be contested by three claimants.

—Thursday afternoon J. Lobbs received serious injuries in the Lake Superior mine, near Ishpeming. Friday afternoon Thomas Walton had his left leg taken off at the Winthrop mine by a fall of rock. The same day John Landercock was killed by a fall of rock at the Jackson mine, and four other miners narrowly escaped. Saturday morning Thomas Curtis was instantly killed by a premature explosion of dynamite at the Cambrian mine. A mine inspector will be appointed.

—Wilkinson Dean died at Belleville at the age of 97. He was the oldest master mason in the state, a soldier in the war of 1812, and for years his whereabouts have been unknown to his aged sister and his friends, who searched in vain for him. They advertised and offered rewards for his whereabouts without avail. The town of Belleville is only a few miles from Detroit, and this fact makes it exceedingly strange that the inquiries have been unsuccessful. The announcement of his whereabouts was first made in his death notice.

—The Common Council of Ann Arbor removed City Treasurer Albert Sorg Monday night he being short in accounts $6,678. He had used the money in his business. The shortage was discovered by an accountant who examined his books. Sorg turned his stock and accounts over to his bondsmen, who will settle with the city. This will cover the amount of the shortage. Mr. Sorg has been a prominent business man for years. Outside claims are coming in which will probably ruin him. The city has only $133 on hand to meet expenses until the bondsmen settle.

—Burns Moore of Detroit is insane, but before the fact was ascertained his wife thought he was fiendish, and she was on the point of leaving him several times. Moore's insanity took the peculiar form of torturing himself to terrify his wife. This he did by forcing her to watch him when he would run a needle into his face and through his tongue, compelling her to kiss the spot penetrated by the needle. He would often take a pair of scissors and a revolver from his wife and by threats of shooting her compel her to sit close in front of him while he cut his throat with the scissors. The strain on Mrs. Moore would probably have driven her insane if kept up much more. The Probate Judge sent Moore to the Pontiac Insane Asylum Saturday.

—Amos J. Biggs of Fayette, went to frighten off two cats that were fighting. A thunderstorm broke out and a flash of lightning killed the cats. When he went into the house his wife fainted. Unconscious of the cause the farmer hastened to bring her to. The first words she uttered—"Oh, Amos, the devil has set his mark on you"—excited his curiosity and he looked in the glass and found the image of a black cat photographed in silhouette on his bald front. The picture was perfect. It was about five inches from tip to tip and in perfect proportion. The cat's whiskers, teeth, and even the hairs on its tail were reproduced with exquisite minuteness. Curiosity being satisfied, they tried to remove the obnoxious marking, but to no purpose. However, in the morning the picture was much faded, and by noon, it had quite disappeared.

The Thistles Skipper.

In what will prove to be, in all probability, a close race between the Thistle and the Volunteer, the experience of Captain John Barr, who is to be skipper of the Scottish yacht in the great struggle, is an important consideration. His record as a winning yachtsman is unequalled. He has commanded in twenty-nine races, and won twenty-seven prizes. His greatest triumphs were with the twenty-ton cutter Clara. He started her in fifteen races and took fifteen prizes, generally crossing the line first. On this side the Atlantic he won eleven prizes in eleven races with the Clara, a yacht that had scarcely been known before, and his knowledge of our waters, tides, and winds will doubtlessly be of inestimable benefit to the Thistle. John Barr is, after the manner of many of Scotland's best sons in all walks of life, somewhat sparing of speech, but his silence on the subject is eloquent of his confidence in the beautiful yacht of which he is the skipper. His offiers and crew are all picked men, and mean to win the American cup if the Volunteer gives them the possibiltty of getting it.

Captain Barr is every inch a son of the North, "full of the daring that's bred of the sea;" and he does every credit to his native land, for a better specimen of sailor never trod the deck.

He is a finely developed man a little over 40 years of age, and he has pleasand features, nicely bronzed by exposure to the weather, and fitly framed in dark hair, cut short, and a beard and mustache of considerable length. His eyes are large, and, although mild seem endowed with an extraordinary power of perception, while his voice, although soft, has great compass. Despite the mild expression of his eyes and the soft tone of his voice, along with a quietness of manner which appear the natural accompaniment of these, he certainly strikes one as having a powerful individuality. Twenty-five years of his yet short life have been spent on shipboard.

The New Cruiser.

Says a New York dispatch:—The new cruiser Boston returned to the navy-yard to-day after a trial trip up the sound. She left the yard at 7:30 yesterday morning under command of Capt. Ramsey. The Advisory Board of the Navy Department, consisted of Chairman Henderson and Engineers Raifer and Webster. The Boston steamed slowly through Hell Gate and past Fort Schuyler, and at 10:45 a. m. the trial began. It was to be one of power only, and as such proved very successful. The engines were run at full speed until 4:45 p. m. and during these six hours developed 3,914 horse power. Allowing 350 horse power for the resistance of the pumps, the maximum power attained was 4,264. The engines were expected to develop only 3,500 horse power, and the increase was an agreeable surprise. All parts worked with little friction, and although the vessel was loaded to her sea displacement there was no sign of strain anywhere. During most of the time the vessel went along at the rate of 14½ knots an hour. Her bottom was very dirty, and Capt. Ramsey thinks that on a trial for speed there will be little difficulty in developing sixteen knots. The Chicago, the third of the Roach cruisers, is being overhauled, and put in condition for a trial trip.

The first Italian lady who sang in public in England was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, who appeared in various operas in 1693.

There are hardly enouhg ministers in Idaho to supply the wants of the matrimonial market.

HUMOROUS.

Cally—Miss Peterson has remarkably small eyes. Dally—Yes, they look small, but she has had a young man in 'em for a long time.

An occulist says that only one man in 600 hundred knows how to take care of his eyes. That's so, especially when there is a pretty girl somewhere about.

"Humph!" grumbled the clock, "I don't know of any one who is harder worked than I am—twenty-four hours a day year in and year out." And then it struck.

A Parisian has invented an "optometer" which will detect a woman's age. Every young marrying unmarried man should have one to use before he is taken in.

He (at States Hotel hop, Saratoga)—Are you fond of dancing, Miss Diamondbedecked? She—O, passionately, but in this warm weather one does get so het up.

The King of Spain, although but little more than 1 year old, is a general officer in the Spanish army. Of course he is in the infantry service. He has been in arms all his life.

Let no man boast that he is free from color-blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

City boarder (to farmer.)—This milk seems pretty poor. Farmer—The pastur' here ain't what it ought to be. City Boarder—And yet I saw lots of milk-weed in the fields this morning.

"Ain't you in, Maria?" he queried, as he fumbled around with the latch-key. "No, I ain't, I'm out. Out of sugar, out of tea, out of flour, and out of patience," snapped a female voice from an upper window.

She—You visited the Italian cities while abroad, of course, Mr. Smith? He—O, yes. She—Isn't Naples an interesting place? He—It is indeed. I staid there nearly two weeks, just on account of the macaroni.

"I'm so deathly afraid of the cars," said Mrs. Timid, "especially the fast trains. I'd rather walk any time than get on an express-train." "That's so," said her husband, who is a brute, "you always travel on afraid train."

"My dear," said a husband, gently rousing his wife—the lady was dangerously ill—"Mrs. De Hobson called a little while ago and left her love and sympathy for you. She seemed deeply affected." "John," said the sick lady, in a very weak tone of voice, as she slowly unclosed her eyes, "what did she have on?"

Mrs. Moneybags (to her husband)—Now understand me, Mr. Moneybags. Unless I can sit on the right-hand side of the ship I don't want any meals at all. Mr. Moneybags—Why, my dear? Mrs. Moneybags—I heard some one say the star board would be on that side and I guess we're rich enough to have the best.

"Mamma," said a young hopeful on Clinton avenue yesterday, "what is a gone sucker?" "A gone sucker, my child." responded the fond mother, rather puzzled, "is a very bad boy." That night, when the clothing of the little fellow had been removed and he was engaged in his usual supplication to the Throne he said: "And O Lord, bless papa, mamma, and me, for you know, Lord, I'm a gone sucker."—*Brooklyn Standard.*

"How's this John? You said you intended to propose to Miss Gushington this evening, and here you are back before 9 o'clock. She surely didn't refuse you?" "No-o, I didn't propose. I concluded to postpone the question." "Now see here, John, if you don't get that girl it's your own fault. The idea of being such a coward. You, who have bravely walked up to the cannon's mouth." "Y-e-s, but the cannon hadn't been eating onions."—*New York Mercury.*

First Omaha burglar—What's the matter, Bill? You're all bunged up. Second Omaha burglar—I tried to rob old Blinker's house last night while Blinker was out with the boys, but I had bad luck. "Don't see how anything could a happened to ye there." "Mrs. Blinker wasn't asleep." "What of it? Such a scary little woman as that." "You see as I was goin' in the hall I stumbled over something, and Mrs. Blinker thought I was the old man comin' home drunk agin an' she knocked me down with the flatiron."—*Omaha World.*

"There's a big difference in men," said a stranger, as he sat in a hotel in a Western Dakota town. "Now, I saw two men in front of a saloon over here to-day. Pretty soon somebody began to shoot in the saloon, and one of the men started off mighty sudden and the other rushed right in. It shows—" "I seen that, too, pardner," said a man who lived in the place, "an' it don't show nothing but a difference in their business." "How's that?" "Why, that man who started off so blame' fast was the City Marshall. He knowed there was a row." "But who was the man that rushed in?" "Coroner."—*Dakota Bell.*

A rather spare old gentleman, with thin, grayish whiskers and wearing a pair of highly polished spectacles, leaned over the counter in the Oregon Railway & Navigation company's office yesterday and asked for a round trip ticket to Portland, Oregon, says a San Francisco dispatch. "Thirty dollars," promptly responded the clerk. The passenger laid the gold on the counter and the clerk pulled a ticket out of the case and handed it toward him with a well inked pen. "What's that for?" asked the passenger, with a touch of contempt in his tone and glancing toward the clerk. "Sign there, please," said the clerk. "I beg your pardon." was the response of the passenger. "Sign the ticket, please." "No, sir, I decline. There is no law in the United States compelling me to sign steamer or railroad tickets. There is your money—give me the ticket." Somewhat ruffled the agent looked at the passenger and then at the ticket, but did not touch the money. "What is your name, sir?" he asked at length. "Stephen J. Field," was the reply. Then it dawned upon the rather dazed mind of the young man behind the counter that he was talking to one of the justices of the Supreme court of the United States. He quietly stamped the unsigned ticket, handed it to the passenger with a subdued air, and then sat down to reflect.

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the opened tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To lose itself in the spending—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far,
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life, as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of it all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home,
I do not believe it must wander and roam
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No, wild may the storm be, and dark the day
And the shuddering soul may clasp its clay
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay;
But when it girds it for going,

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing;

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn-out tent and the burial clay
To a rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of the saints uprisen;

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven and the great reward
Lay just outside of its prison!

SUSAN COOLIDGE in Congregationalist.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

In the autumn of 1882 the writer in company with an officer of the army, was riding along a trail which led through one of the detached mountain ranges that border the White mountains, or San Carlos Indian reservation.

Having reached an open part of the trail, the horses were walking along a a brisk pace when, upon turning an abrupt angle, which opened upon an extended and magnificent scene, both horses shied, stopped short, and with heads high in air and nostrils distended, evinced unmistakable signs of fear.

The officer, who was an experienced frontiers-man, apprehending the cause, quickly exclaimed: "Be on your guard, there are Indians hereabouts; the horses smell them."

Realizing that it would be as safe, perhaps, for us to remain where we were as it would be to turn back, we began reconnoitering, our horses, meantime, manifesting great uneasiness.

Catching the drift of the wind and looking carefully and anxiously in that direction, we soon discovered the cause of the alarm—an Apache buck and two squaws seated upon a broken crag several hundred yards above us, each as silent and motionless as the rock upon which they were reclining.

The Indians seemed to be friendly, and in response to a signal from the officer clambered down the mountain to where we stood, when it was found that they were a nut-gathering party.

They informed us by means of signs and a few broken expressions which the officer understood that they had discovered us at a point several miles distant, and had selected a convenient position from which they could watch our movements unobserved. But for the sagacity of our horses they doubtless would have remained unseen by us. Our horses, the officer informed me, were veteran Indian fighters, having participated in several campaigns against the Apaches, and could "scent" an Indian at a great distance when the usually keen sense of hearing failed to detect the presence of an enemy.

A party of miners not far from the city of Tucson have a team of horses named Dick and Jim. Dick is older, and probably on that account presumes to direct the course of his younger companion.

During the night the horses graze in the vicinity of the cabin occupied by the miners, and as day begins to break they approach quite close to the house, where they linger until the men make their appearance.

Should the services of the horses be required, the men are particular to go forth with a nose-bag, at the sight of which the animals suffer themselves to be caught; but if instead of a nose-bag a bridle or rope should be taken, old Dick is sure to kick up his heels and run away.

Not content to go alone, he will drive Jim away also, biting him if he does not move promptly, and thus for a considerable time, will mischievously avoid his owners. After a while, as if satisfied with their frolic, the horses will return to the cabin of their own accord, allow themselves to be saddled or hitched to the wagon, and throughout the day will work faithfully

But the most remarkable trait of these horses is their habit of eating anything and everything which comes from the table. One evening not long ago, while on a visit to the camp, I observed one of the men who cleared off the supper table put the unconsumed portions of the meal—consisting of bread, potatoes, dried bacon, gravy, and baked beans—into the horses' nose-bags and afterwards add a quantity of potato parings, rinds of smoked bacon, and other "raw materials."

Not seeing any dog or chickens about, I inquired what he intended to do with the hotchpotch, and was surprised at his reply: "Feed it to the horses."

Seeing that he was in earnest, I went with him and was still more surprised to see both horses devour the "cold victuals" with as much apparent relish and satisfaction as though the feast consisted of barley or oats.

The miners informed me that the horses were very fond of soup, and would even eat chowchow pickles, which caused them to sneeze and make exceedingly amusing wry faces.

Both of these horses are great favorites, particularly the older one, whose funny tricks have established him in the light of a privileged character, and the high respect in which he is held by his owners is shown by the fact that they have named one of their best mines "The Old Dick."

One day last autumn a miner, whose home is in an adjoining county, and who lives alone in a small cabin situated in the foothills several miles from his nearest neighbor, reached home about dusk from an extended prospecting tour almost worn out and sick. He removed the saddle and bridle from his horse and turned him loose to graze, and entering his cabin he threw himself down upon his cot and soon fell into a restless slumber, from which he woke late in the night with a raging fever.

Almost delirious, he knew not what to do, being alone and without medicines. It might happen that some neighbor would pass in the morning, but there was no certainty that any person would call for days or possibly weeks.

A realization of his helpless condition aggravated his disease, and the poor man grew worse. Morning came and he was unable to leave his bed. His horse, his one faithful friend and companion, could be heard near by, evidently waiting for his coming.

All day long the animal remained within hearing distance, and during the long tedious hours of the second night could be heard moving about with restless tread, as though conscious that some misfortune had befallen his master.

Daylight appeared at last, and the sick mane mad an effort to speak. The horse, hearing the welcome voice, went to the door of the cabin, and pushing it open, thrust his head into the sick man's presence, at the same time giving a low whinny, as much as to say, "What is the matter?" to which kindly inquiry there was no response save a moan of distress.

For a moment or two the horse stared strangely about, seemingly bewildered, then quickly withdrew, and in a few moments galloped rapidly away. As the sound of the horse's feet died away, the sick man felt as though his only friend and means of relief were now lost to him, and he shuddered at the thought that he might fall into that never-waking sleep before any person could know that he was ill.

The nearest neighbor of the sick man was a ranchman, whose home was located on the river about six miles distant. Once in a while this neighbor rode over to the miner's camp for a short visit, but these trips were made at irregular intervals, and there was no certainty when he would be there again.

The ranchman on the river had finished his breakfast and was just coming out of his house, when his attention was attracted to a riderless horse coming down the mountain road at a tremendous gallop.

The horse did not slacken his speed until he reached the corral or enclosure near the house. He was flecked with foam and short of breath, showing that he had come from a distance and at unusual speed.

The ranchman returned to the corral, when the horse again galloped down the road, and moved uneasily about, as if determined to attract attention, whinnying and occasionally giving a loud snort as though frightened.

Another attempt to capture the horse, which usually was a very gentle creature, succeeded no better than the first, the animal avoiding the man in a manner hitherto unknown. The horse ran up the road again and called to the man to follow—called to him by every dumb sign, almost as plainly as though he were possessed of the power of speech.

These unusual proceedings so impressed the ranchman that he felt that something was wrong. Could it be that Galena George—as the miner and owner of the horse was called—had met with some mishap? Maybe he had been murdered in his lonely cabin by "rustlers," or had accidently fallen into the shaft of his mine without the means of escape.

The strange conduct of the horse indicated that something unusual had happened, and that was enough to prompt the ranchman to speedy action. Calling one of his assistants, the men quickly saddled two of the best horses on the place, and securing their revolvers to guard against danger, and providing some medicines and stimulants to use in case of emergency, they rode rapidly away in the direction of Galena George's cabin.

George's horse observing this movement manifested great pleasure and started on a gallop toward his home. The horsemen followed at a lively pace, but the free horse kept well to the front, now and then looking back, as if to be sure that the chase had not been abandoned.

On they sped, and in about forty minutes from the time of starting the men reached the cabin of their friend, which appeared to be deserted.

The men dismounted, and entering the cabin found George upon his couch, wasted in form and apparently dead, and at the door stood the faithful horse, which, having tried to save his master, was patiently waiting for some sign that he yet lived. The sad sight was so touching as to force tears to the eyes of the men who had been guided by the noble brute to the rescue.

A hasty examination disclosed the fact that life was not extinct, and while one of the men set about preparation for the relief of the sick man, the other mounted his horse and galloped away for a physician, the nearest of whom lived some twenty miles away.

Before sundown of that day the doctor reached the miner's cabin and found the sick man conscious, through the skillful ministrations of his kind neighbors. Within a fortnight he was able to walk about. When told of the remarkable conduct of his horse the man wept like a child. He said he had always known that his horse was unusually intelligent and affectionate, but he could scarcely believe the story of his wonderful sagacity.

George is in good health again, and the care and attention which he bestows upon his horse are like the care of a devoted mother for a favorite son. Not long since a gentleman, having learned of the incident related above, expressed a desire to purchase the horse, but George informed him that no money could tempt him to part with the animal; that it was his intention to keep him as long as he lived upon the very best that land could produce, and when he died to bury him decently, and erect over his grave a monument with the inscription on: "To My Best Friend."—*Youth's Companion.*

Pleuro pneumonia at Walton, in Delaware county, New York, is traced to a car-load of cows and yearlings shipped in March from New York. One hundred and thirty-seven head have been killed and others quarantined.

Edison's Latest Device.

Among the most interesting of the eighty-one papers read before the learned delegates to the American Association for the Advancement of Science yesterday was one by Thomas A. Edison, read by Prof. George E. Baker, upon a novel proposition—namely: the conversion of heat into power directly by means of magnetism, and, by the same principle, the conversion of heat into electricity. Of his discovery Mr. Edison says:

Since whenever a magnetic field varies in strength in the vicinity of a conductor, a current is generated in that conductor, it occurred to me that, by placing an iron core in a magnetic circle and varying the magnetizability of that core by varying its temperature, it would be possible to generate a current in a coil of wire surrounding this core.

Acting upon this idea, Mr. Edison placed eight electro-magnets in a circle, all their positive poles in contact with one iron disk, and their negative poles in contact with another. Passing through the disks and joining them, he placed an equal number of rolls of thin corrugated iron, each roll opposite the two poles respectively of the electro-magnets. He wound the eight iron rolls with insulated wire. When this simple apparatus was placed over a furnace so that hot air passed through the rolls, they became straightway non-magnetic. Then he fitted a semi-circular plate below the lower disk to shut off the heat from half the rolls, so that they became magnetic, and half, being hot, were non-magnetic. By revolving this semicircular plate the rolls were first heated and then cooled, and by this means electricity was generated in the coils of wire surrounding the rolls.

Mr. Edison thinks that this device can be so modified as to furnish electric lights for a whole house by means of the heat from an ordinary furnace, and he will pursue his experiments in that direction. He calls the machine the pyromagnetic generator.

The proposed pyromagnetic motor is thus described: A wheel is swung on an axis perpendicular to the plane of a permanent magnet. The wheel is made of tubes of thin iron, which are heated to redness by a current of hot air. A screen covers part of the tubes, cooling them by shutting the hot air off as the wheel revolves. As a magnet attracts cold iron more strongly than hot iron, the cooled tubes of the wheel are drawn to the magnet, and so the wheel is revolved.

This motor has been tried experimentally by Mr. Edison, and he is now constructing a machine of three-horse power. The output of electrical energy will be greater, he thinks, than in any device now known, and the cost of operation less.—*New York Sun.*

It is announced from Fort Smith, Ark., that two of the belles of the city are to act as "sponsors" for the base ball teams that will play there shortly.

Humbug.

Barnum said The "American people like to be humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with consumption or any lingering disease, looking Death in the face and seeking to evade his awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as Consumption, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disorder, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Scrofula and General Debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal! Any druggist.

A board of trade has been formed at Columbus, Miss., with J. C. Terry as president and J. A. Hudson as secretary and treasurer.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago:
Your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigars are going off like hot cakes. I intend that they shall be well advertised.
WM. F. H. STEPHENSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dressed frogs sell at $2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

No lady should live in perpetual fear, and suffer rom the more serious troubles that so often appear, when Dr Kilmer's COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY is certain to prevent and cure Tumor and Cancer there.

A white coon is on exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

Moxie is harmless as gruel yet recovers the effects of heat, over-work and indulgence. Take a glass and you are as good as new.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from $20 to $50 a week.

"Not Bulk, but Business!"
is the way a Western man put it in expressing to a friend his complete satisfaction in the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. So small and yet so effectual, they bid fair to supplant entirely the old-style pill. An ever-ready remedy for Sick and Bilious Headache, Biliousness, Constipation and all blood disorders. Mild in action, wonderful in effect! Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort! These sterling merits account for their great popularity.

Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand.

She scolds and frets,
She's full of pets,
She's rarely kind and tender;
The thorn of life
Is a fretful wife—
I wonder what will mend her?

Try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ten to one, your wife is cross and fretful because she is sick and suffering and cannot control her nervousness when things go wrong. Make a healthy woman of her and the chances are you will make a cheerful and pleasant one. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles $1. Six for $5.

There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Salvation army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss.

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, etc. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefitted and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sake we allow our names to be used."
C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.
The Compound is put up in Pill, Lozenge and Liquid form. All sold by druggists. The Pills and Lozenges sent by mail on receipt of price.

Children Cry
FOR PITCHER'S
Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.
THE CENTAUR CO., 183 Fulton St., N. Y.

OPIUM Habit Cured satisfactory before any pay. Prof. J. M. BARTON, 25th Ward, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Lost sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
CATARRH CURE.
HAY-FEVER CURE.
ELY'S CREAM BALM
quickly cures
COLD IN HEAD,
Apply Balm into each nostril.

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated **EYE WATER.** This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed, it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO. Sold by all druggists. TROY, N. Y.

"THE FAVORITE
contains the most important improvements introduced in recent years.
The Violin Shaped Sounding Board and Double Shoulder Agraffe make the
BAUER
the best toned Piano in America. Being manufactured in Chicago buyers are enabled to secure them at manufacturers prices, and thus obtain a first-class
PIANO"
at a moderate price for cash or easy payments.
Factory and Warerooms,
156-158 Wabash Avenue,
JULIUS BAUER & CO., CHICAGO.

DR. KILMER'S OCEAN WEED HEART REMEDY!
A Corrector, Regulator, Nerve-Rest.
"The Heart is the Seat of Life."
One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease, and is in constant danger of Apoplexy or Sudden Death!
SYMPTOMS and DISEASE.
For which this Remedy **should** be **taken**
Heart-pains Palpitation Heart-dropsy
Skip-Beats Throbbing Spasms (Fits)
Numbness Purple-Lips Poor-blood
Shaky-Nerves Syncope Faint-spells
Hot-flashes Paralysis Heart-sympathetic
Rush of Blood to the Head, Feeble-circulation, Labored-breathing, Heart-enlargement, Nervous-prostration, Heart-rheumatism, Neuralgia and Valvular Disease.
One Medicine will not Cure all kinds of Diseases.
THIS REMEDY IS A SPECIFIC.
It Prevents Palsy, Shock, Sudden Death.
Every ingredient is from vegetable products which grow in sight of every unfortunate sufferer. It contains no Morphine, Opium or injurious drugs.
☞ *Not a Vistage of impure Blood can escape its Purifying Influence.*
PRICE $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.
☞ Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.
Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free).
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

M. N. P. Co., CHICAGO. VOL. II—No. 22

Why did the Women
of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?
Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1887.

OF all the disgusting and nauseous idiots that cumber this unfortunate earth, there is none more offensive to every person of sense and delicacy than the leering creature who is forever intent upon playing the role of masher toward dining room girls at hotels. The moment one of these inflated fools enters a dining room, he thinks the eyes of all the waiter girls are upon him. He commences ogling before he reaches his seat, and keeps it up while he stays. He interprets the attention which the waiter is obliged to give him as personal to himself, and improves the opportunity to leer at her with meaning looks and lecherous grins, which she is compelled to endure because he is a patron of the house, and to ignore as best she can. He makes pretexts to call her after he is served, and stares impudently in her face whenever she comes near; and if his seat permits it he follows her with his eyes wherever she goes. This loathsome and brainless animal is probably unaware that he is accurately measured by every man and woman in the room who chances to see him, and by none more certainly than those who have to endure his covert insults, and is heartily despised by them all. A good many of his sort have attached themselves to the ranks of the traveling men, and one can hardly dine at a hotel anywhere without meeting them. It was this fact that provoked an Iowa hotel keeper, a few years ago, to make strictures upon the profession which were unjust to thousands of worthy men in it, and which called down upon him and his house the wrath of the whole profession. All of his complaint, however, was justified by the class to which we allude, and his mistake was in not making just discrimination. We have often thought we would like to see a dining room where girls are employed, equipped with one burly man (any color would do), and when the practiced eye of the host detected a case calling for it, to have him quietly substituted to attend that chair. The significance of that would probably be perceived even by the offender, and its effect might be salutary.

SINCE the opinion of the Illinois Supreme Court was rendered, unanimously approving the finding and judgment in the anarchist case, and fixing Nov. 11 as the day of execution, the condemned men have had a consultation and decided that they will not ask executive clemency. They declare that they have done nothing for which to ask the pardon of society, but that society ought rather to ask their pardon! Society is probably just proud enough not to do it. They are quite sensible in declining to ask pardon for themselves. It would be a remarkable Governor who could be so insensible to public sentiment as to grant such an application; and the talk about going to the Supreme Court of the United States is mere buncombe. The anarchs will hang on November 11.

WE wonder how long the story of the return of a Union flag from Alabama will continue to do duty in the columns of the democratic press. The Cadillac Democrat had it last week, unmindful of the fact that "the battle flag of the 16th Connecticut" was never captured, and that the "flag" in question was merely a guidon or marker, of no consequence whatever. It was certainly very touching for Col. Jones, of the "Montgomery True Blues," to return that guidon to the Governor of Connecticut, "because of an indisposition to retain a memento of triumph of brethren over brethren," as he is careful to explain. The existence of such indisposition among those who were not on the triumphing side, however, need not cause great surprise.

OUR neighbor the Argus, of Ann Arbor, says most of the men who went into the army were democrats. Some of these, the Argus concedes, came back republicans, but this is hardly to be wondered at, it thinks, "when it is remembered that *the only newspapers the government would allow in camp were republican.*" Is that so! In what portion of the army did our neighbor observe that?

IT seems certain that the socialist element in the Knights of Labor will disrupt that organization, and the Supreme Court's approval of the conviction of the anarchist assassins in Chicago is likely to hasten the event. Everywhere they are urging violently denunciatory resolutions, and subscribing funds, which the respectable element among the Knights must resist if they would not lose all the outside moral support they ever had. Whichever faction shall prevail, the other must withdraw, and it is a question yet which is the stronger.

THE oldest ex-Senator of the United States died last week—Joseph Cilley, who served as Senator from New Hampshire from June 13, 1846 to March 3, 1847, and was succeeded by John P. Hale. His age was 96 Simon Cameron is now the oldest, born in 1799 and elected to the Senate in 1845. James Bradbury of Maine was born in 1805, Jefferson Davis in 1808, and Hanibal Hamlin in 1809.

IT is proposed to put up Hon. Leopold Morse as the democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, this year. Morse is a millionaire, jovial and popular; but he is the oddest figure on the floor of Congress. He is very short, and has a habit of promenading back and forth in rear of the seats with a cigar in his mouth and his hands under his coat tails, and his head thrown back in a manner that appears like a pompous strut. His shortness of stature makes this all very droll, and invariably attracts the attention of visitors, who generally inquire who that bantam snob is—all of which is very far from just to his real qualities.

LANSING is suffering under an epidemic of typhoid fever. Fifteen physicians last week reported seventy-eight cases, of whom only nine were users of water from the city mains. The others used from wells presumably contaminated, as all city wells are presumably contaminated. Why don't all users of such water have typhoid fever? Why don't all soils adapted to "pusley" produce the plant? Well, they do, whenever the seed finds lodgment.

SERIOUS famine prevails in Asia Minor, and thousands of people are only preserved from starvation by funds distributed through American Missionaries. There are urgent appeals from Tarsus, the birth-place of the apostle Paul, and many other places, and a general appeal is now made to the benevolent to supplement the missionary funds, as many thousand families must be aided until the next harvest, or die. The appeal is through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

IRISH nationalists do not take to Henry Georgeism. Father O'Leary, of St Louis, addressed a meeting in Ireland, Sunday, and announced the free land doctrine, urging that the people pay no rents. He was rebuked, as well he might be. No more dangerous enemy of Ireland exists than those who urge her suffering people to acts which civilization will not approve.

WHILE the United States of America were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Federal Constitution, at Philadelphia, last week, our neighboring Republic, the United States of Mexico, was celebrating the anniversary of her independence, at Mexico, the capital city. The President of the United States of America took part in the celebration at the Quaker City, as a guest; and the President of the United States of Mexico took part in the celebration at the Montezuma capital, as a principal, and read the declaration of independence. Whether the Mexico celebration was in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the present costitution, adopted in 1857, or the sixty-third anniversary of the first federal constitution, adopted under Santa Anna in 1824, or the sixty-sixth anniversary of the earliest independent government of Mexico under Iturbide or the seventy-seventh anniversary of the beginning of the revolution which led to that in 1821, the dispatches do not state.

THE second trial in the Haddock murder case at Sioux City has resulted in conviction, and Fred Munchrath is found guilty of manslaughter, the extreme penalty of which is eight years in the penitentiary.

AT their meeting at Lansing, last week, members of the prohibition state central committee declared that prohibitionists would not "rush around with petitions" to put the local option law in operation, but would sign such petitions when solicited to do so, and vote for the measure when some one else had thus taken the initiative; and they would even coöperate with republicans to secure the enforcement of the law. Well, really! Of just what country are those men citizens? Their kindness in being willing to help us enforce the laws, quite overcomes us, and from their point of disinterested observation of the working of law in this country, it is indeed condescending.

THE Evening Journal heads a dispatch reporting a mob massacre of negroes in Georgia. "This won't do, Georgia." Why not, pray, after twenty years uninterrupted indulgence?

OUR bright and ingenious contemporary, The Ypsilantian, is hardly fair in printing only a part of that Iowa republican plank on the tariff and then jubilating over it as an out-and-out high protection fulmination. The entire plank is not to exceed fifteen lines in length, and the real pith of it is contained in the concluding sentence which demands that the tariff shall be "revised and reduced."—Lansing Journal.

Why, O ingenious contemporary, does that sentence contain the pith, more than the opening sentence—"We continue to favor a protective tariff"? That strikes us as tolerably pithy There is no objection to revising and reducing the tariff, in any way consistent with the purpose of the tariff, and republican platforms commonly demand that, and republican Congresses have frequently done it. And why, O bright and wise contemporary, do you talk further of farmers "selling unprotected wheat and corn and beef and buying protected clothing and nails"? What do you mean by unprotected wheat and corn and beef, when there is a protective tariff of 20 cents a bushel on wheat, 10 cents a bushel on corn, and 1 cent a pound on beef—about 25 per cent. ad valorem at present prices.

Who Wants Mrs. Craik for a Mat?

Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Mullock Craik, in the Forum for September, opposes the idea of the equality of the sexes. She says:

"Nature herself sets her face against it by the inherent desire planted in most women's breasts, to look up to some one greater than themselves, physically and mentally; to whom they can cling, on whom they can rely; without any sense of inferiority. Not merely to love, but to worship, to make herself a mat for the man's feet to walk over, to believe everything he does and says is right, to be ready to live for him, and merge her own identity completely in his—this, I think, is the instinct of woman. It is nature; and nature, we may allow, is occasionally right."

Now, let all the women who desire to be "mats," and all men who desire women for mats, rejoice together that Mrs. Craik has settled the question, and put women where they belong, under the feet of men.

You-uns and We-uns.

Detroit Tribune.

What kind of a crowd is that grand army anyhow?—Nashville (Tenn) American. O, it's the same old crowd you licked in the wah. Want to lick 'em agin?

Are you going to the Fair? Whether you are or not go to Arthur Smith's grocery for your groceries. He will give you lowest prices and the best goods in the market.

JANNETTE'S HAIR.

MILES O'REILLY.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Jannette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Jannette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your waist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jannette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round, white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jannette,
Revealing the dear old story, my pet,
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Jannette,
They were as fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Jannette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gently the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue a slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Jannette,
With your lips, and eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years, I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

MARIAR IN HEAVEN.

The parson's been preaching 'bout heaven
To us who are outen the fold;
'Bout gates made of jasper and pearl,
And streets paved with nuggets of gold;
Says the folks there are saints, or else angels,
Some playing on harps with gold strings—
(I allow it's a sort of accomp'ment
To tunes which the best of 'em sing.)

And I wonder and think of Mariar,
Who left me a year ago May,
How she tackles to all them fine fixin's—
For she didn't set much by display;
She were humble and shy-like a livin',
As any with whom I'm acquaint;
I reckon she don't feel to hum yet
When she talks to an angel or saint.

When she looks at the amethyst fences
And walks on the streets paved with gold,
Don't you suppose there are times when she longs for
The lane in which he and her strolled?
The old grassy lane in the medder,
And the stile where my comin' she'd wait—
Don't you think she'd as lief have the stile there
As the beautifulest pearl-hinged gate?

And the pond on the farm by the willers,
Where she used to pick cat-tails and flowers,
Rather have than the big crystal ocean?—
'Cause she did love this old farm of ours.
Set me thinkin' in this way this mornin',
When I looked at her pansies and roses,
And I couldn't help wishin' her with me,
'Stead of stayin' up there 'long 'ith Moses.

As for me, it's lonesome 'thout 'er,
So solemn like round the old place,
That I'm longin' to die and go to her.
Tho' I reckon I'm lackin' in grace.
But if I should be sent to—t'other,
And could sit down 'ith her by the fire—
Why what could be nicer in heaven
Than sittin' 'longside o' Mariar?

'Tain't orthodox, this way of talkin',
Sez the parson to me t'other day.
And he fetched me to his way o'thinkin',
Which was just like Mariar's old way.
So I'm tryin' to live jest as she did—
Go ter meetin' as she used ter do—
And her spirit hangs round me and whispers.
"Josiah, I guess you'll pull through."

THE NEW YEAR'S BABY.

WILL CARLETON.

"Th' 'rt welcome little bonnie bird,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha' did.
Teimes are bad."
—Old English Ballad.

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way,
Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day,
Knowin' that we already have three of ye, and seven,
An' tryin' to make yerself out a new year's present o' heaven!

Ten of ye we have now, sir, for this world to abuse,
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, and Nellie she have no shoes;
And Sammy he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame);
And the one that was just before ye, we 'a'n't had time to name.

An' all the banks be smashin' and on us poor folks foll;
An' boss he whittles the wages when work 's to be had at all;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woeful plight;
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night.

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' some'at to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through,
An' but for your poor, dear mother, a-doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a' seen us all in heaven afore ye was ready to start.

An' now ye have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,
A-weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound;
With your mother's eyes a-flashin', yer father's flesh and build,
An' a good big mouth and stomach, all ready to be filled.

No, no! don't cry my baby; hush up, my pretty one,
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, my boy; I was only just in fun,
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'us folks;
But we don't get much vitual, an' half our livin' is jokes.

Why, boy! did ye take me in earnest? Come, sit on my knee,
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster: I'll name ye after me;
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play;
An' ye shall have yer carriage, and ride out every day.

Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, still them's yer brothers there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair.

Say, when ye came from heaven, my little namesake, dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?
That was yer little sister, she died a year ago,
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow.

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Come here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my new year's gift from God.

BEYOND.

ELLA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

—FROM THE—

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, . MICH.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887.

SAM JONES, the revivalist, gets $500 for three days' work, including nine sermons. One of the lecture bureaus has offered him $500 a night for a course of lectures, and at Round lake last summer he was offered $100 an hour if he would leave that camp-meeting for another. Unless Mr. Jones can pitch a ball that no one can hit, he would better stick to his preaching.

THE Montana legislature has just adjourned after an extra session of three weeks, called for the purpose of repealing the law granting a bounty for prairie dogs and ground squirrels. The law which was only passed last winter, threatened to bankrupt the territorial treasury, having already involved an expenditure of over $50,000. The legislature transacted considerable other business during the extra session.

THE treasury department has decided that domestic produce can not be forwarded by a Canadian vessel and by land routes through Canada, from one part of the United States to another, without becoming liable to the payment of duty. Merchandise arriving at a domestic port after passage through Canada will, however, be admitted duty free, upon the production of proof that it was originally shipped from a domestic port.

SURVEYOR GENERAL HISE, of Arizona, in his annual report, calls attention to some peculiar surveys of public lands in that territory, which have resulted to the great advantage of certain railroad and cattle companies. He says more perjury is committed in the territory under the desert-land law than ever before. The last house passed a bill repealing this law, which has been the prolific parent of fraud, but the senate refused to concur.

FRANK Young a Treasury clerk is said to have gone to Secretary Fairchild a few days ago and said: "Mr. Secretary, I'm engaged to a young gentleman in one of the other departments, but we can't marry and live on his salary, if I have to resign in order to marry." "Bless you, my child," said the Secretary, "get married if you want to and pool your salaries. There is no law or ruling under this administration to force you to resign when you marry."

WILLIAM A. WASHINGTON, who was the nearest living relative of George Washington, died Sunday morning at his home in Owensboro, Ky. He was 87 years of age, and was in many respects a most interesting character. He was born in Virginia April 5, 1800, and moved to Kentucky when about 6 years old, settling near Gordonsville, Logan County. He was a son of Fairflax Washington, a second cousin of George Washington, and was the oldest of ten children.

THE celebration of the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution began at Philadelphia under favoring conditions. It is estimated that 250,000 strangers were in the city. The principal streets were gay with decorations, and were thronged with eager sight-seers. The civic and industrial parade was an imposing affair, about 300 "floats," 12,000 men, 3,000 horses, and 150 bands of music being in line. President Cleveland arrived with his party at 8:30 in the evening and met with a cordial reception.

SECRETARY BAYARD has made an unfavorable report upon the request of the state of Illinois that an application be made for the extradition of McGarigle. The secretary declares that there is no ground upon which the United States can interfere in the matter, and that a request for McGarigle's surrender would be contrary to the settled policy of the government, which has never been departed from save in two or three exceptional cases. The secretary's action is such as was anticipated by all who were familiar with the law and the precedents.

THERE will be a special committee appointed to take charge of Mrs. Cleveland. It will be composed of some of the best-known ladies in St. Louis social circles. They will endeavor to show Mrs. Cleveland some of the sights of the city and to entertain her socially. There will be at least one luncheon given Mrs. Cleveland during her stay. It is probable Mrs. Cleveland will not go with her husband to the fair grounds Monday morning, but that she will be entertained by the ladies until it is time for her to go to the Lindell to take part in the public reception.

ACCORDING to an Ottawa dispatch the Dominion government is preparing to employ heroic measures to bring the obstreperous Manitobans to terms on the railway question. It is said that if Manitoba does not abandon her present attitude of disobedience the federal government will withhold payment of the next half year's subsidy to the provincial government, which will, it is expected, prevent it from carrying forward the Red River Valley project. The provincial treasurer has, it is said, secured a loan of $50,000 at Montreal, the proceeds of which have been applied to the purchase of enough rails to lay fifteen miles of track on the new road.

At Ottawa, Ill., the supreme court announced its decision in the anarchist cases. The judgment of the court below is affirmed, the full bench concurring, and the execution of the death sentence passed upon seven of the anarchists is fixed for November 11. The decision was prepared by Judge Magruder and is very lengthy. The doomed men received the news of the adverse decision without manifesting any emotion. Their counsel will make an effort to get the case before the United States supreme court on a writ of error, failing in which all the pressure possible will be brought to bear upon Governor Oglesby to secure a commutation of the sentences. The intelligence of the decision was received with intense interest by all classes. Extra precautions have been taken by the sheriff and the police authorities of Chicago against violent demonstrations by partisans of the prisoners.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Fire consumed a million feet of pine lumber in the yard of Albers & Co., at the Tifft farm, at Buffalo, N. Y. The cause of the fire is unknown. The buildings escaped through efficient work by the fire department. The loss will exceed $20,000, which is about 30 per cent. of the insurance.

The town of Ironwood, on the Gogebic range, in the northern peninsular of Michigan, was visited by a destructive fire yesterday.

The repair shops of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad at Michigan City were destroyed by fire Sunday. Loss, $25,000.

The grocery store of Dominic M. Messina, at New Orleans, was destroyed by fire, caused by an explosion of gunpowder. The proprietor, his wife, and their four children perished in the flames.

The Joseph Peters furniture factory at St. Louis was destroyed by fire Wednesday, and several other buildings were partly burned. The loss aggregates $110,000.

Several business houses in Syracuse, N. Y., were burned Wednesday night, with a loss of about $100,000.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Standard Stove Company's Works, stock and patterns, were burned Wednesday, with a loss of $40,000; insurance $21,000.

Fire at Mandan Dak., burned two houses occupied by Fred Wigginton and John Bergstrom. Both were a total loss. Wigginton lost his furniture. The loss is $2,000.

CASUALTIES.

Two passenger trains collided on the St. Paul railroad near Dubuque Monday morning. Both engineers and one of the firemen were killed instantly, the other fireman and a brakeman receiving injuries which speedily resulted in death. Several other persons on the train were injured. The disaster is charged to a train dispatcher at La Crosse.

The roof of a chamber in the South Jackson mine at Negaunee, Michigan, collapsed Friday night, killing one miner and seriously injuring another. Two men are imprisoned in a burning mine near Shamokin, Pennsylvania, and their rescue appears hopeless, as the shaft is full of gas and smoke.

Three men were killed and several others severely injured by a collision between two construction trains on the Iron Mountain railroad, near Memphis, Wednesday night.

An excursion train bound for the Doncaster (England) races was wrecked by a collision on the Midland railroad, Friday. Twenty persons were killed and about seventy injured.

The wreck of the missing whaler Amethyst was found recently on Castle Rock Island, in the Northern Pacific Ocean. Beside her crew of thirty-eight men, she had on board five of the crew of the missing bark Rainbow, and the fate of the forty-three men remains a mystery.

The schooner City of Chicago, bound up with ties, went ashore Thursday on Mission Point, Mackinac Island. She is on rocky bottom and may prove a total loss.

The Peoria, Decatur and Eastern boxcar No. 447, carried by the Illinois Central through freight and loaded with groceries, consigned by St. Louis parties to Anna and Dongola merchants, caught fire between Cobden and Anna, Ill., and was almost entirely consumed. The loss is about $2,400.

A freight and accomodation train fell through a canal bridge near Spartansburg, N. C., Tuesday morning. No person was seriously hurt, but the loss to the Port Royal and Western Carolina Road is figured at $20,000.

A steam-pump that was being adjusted on the barge Smith, ashore at Waugoshanee, Tuesday slipped from its position and crushed Captain U. Surles to death. Both the Smith and Anglo Saxon have been given up as total losses.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

Benjamin E. Hopkins, late assistant cashier of the Fidelity bank of Cincinnati, declares that he knew nothing whatever of the bank's condition until the day before it closed its doors. He lays all the responsibility upon Harper. Hopkins is still in jail.

A sheriff's posse stole a march on Burke, a tenant of Lord Clanricarde, and evicted him from Cloudegoff castle before the peasants could gather to assist him. They rallied three thousand strong upon news of the sheriff's arrival, but were too late to be of service to Burke. A guard of twenty men was left in the castle.

Captain T. B. Mullett, of the revenue marine service, who killed himself at San Francisco, was a brother of the ex-supervising architect of the treasury, and had been suffering from acute melancholia for some time.

"Billy" McLean, a notorious desperado, who broke jail at St. Ignace, Michigan, a few weeks ago, has been captured at Sault Ste. Marie. He had been staying on the Canadian side, but ventured over to the American Sault to get a drink, when the officers pounced upon him.

W. G. Patterson, a private in the Kentucky militia, has been fined, $100 and sent to jail for ninety days for deserting his company while it was on duty at Morehead during the recent troubles.

The trial of Fred Munchrath, Jr., at Sioux City, Ia., for the murder of Rev. George Haddock resulted in a verdict of guilty of man-slaughter, the extreme penalty of which is eight years. The jury was out nearly twenty hours. Sentence will be pronounced September 26, unless a new trial is granted.

Frank Norton, a member of a respectable family, has been convicted at Adrian, Mich., of an attempt to murder his mother. He is a victim of the morphine habit.

A band of masked men attacked the cabin of Adam Mollard, colored on a plantation near Cuthbert, Georgia, Wednesday, killing and wounding several of the inmates. The attack grew out of an encounter between Mollard's son and Buck Smith, the owner of the plantation, in which the former was shot and slightly wounded. On the night before the attack on the cabin a load of buckshot was fired into Smith's bedroom, but no damage resulted.

A young man named Hayes was murdered on the highway near Cork a day or two since. Two men have been arrested for the crime, which does not appear to have a political color.

At Ouray, Colorado, on Wednesday a mob attempted to take Joseph Dixon, a colored man, from the jail for the purpose of lynching him. Failing to gain entrance, they fired the jail, and Dixon was drowned in the water thrown upon the flames by the fire department. His crime was the shooting of Ella Day, a hotel waitress, whose injuries are said to be fatal.

In the anarchist cases the Supreme Court of Illinois affirmed the decision of the Criminal Court of Cook County, that Spies, Schwab, Lingg, Fielden, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel be hanged, and Neebe be confined in the Penitentiary for fifteen years. The date of the execution of the sentence is fixed for Nov. 11.

INDUSTRIAL.

The Findlay Ohio window-glass works will grant the 10 per cent. advance asked by the laborers, and will begin work on Wednesday. The Buckeye works will begin Thursday, and the Hirsh and Ohio works as soon as they can get ready.

About eight thousand cokers in Pennsylvania will strike on Monday next unless the operators sign a satisfactory sliding scale. The men claim that they resumed work after their recent twelve weeks' strike upon the pledge that such a scale would be granted, and that all the operators, with the exception of one firm, have broken faith with them.

The strike of the Boston furniture-finishers has been declared "off." They have referred their grievances to the State board of arbitration for adjustment.

Over a thousand cigar-makers were locked out by their employers Tuesday at Boston, the trouble growing out of the employment of an apprentice in violation of union rules.

WASHINGTON.

The notorious Boss Shepherd is to be tendered a grand public reception upon his approaching arrival in Washington, after an absence of several years in Mexico.

Secretary Bayard says he does not believe any international complications can arise from the conviction of Ciril Pouble by the Cuban authorities. Pouble is a filibusterer, who took out naturalization papers in the United States just before leaving for Cuba on his ill-starred enterprise.

A company has been formed at Grand Rapids, with a capital of $1,000,000, to develop the old Metropolitan iron mine, which was abandoned in 1873. The corporators have an option on the property, and expect to make a "barrel of money."

The National Republican committee will meet at Washington early in December to fix the date and location for the National Convention of 1888. Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities will endeavor to secure the convention.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland arrived at Washington Sunday morning, highly pleased, although greatly fatigued, with their Philadelphia picnic.

The postmaster-general's report shows that there are 94,790 persons employed in various capacities in the postal service. Of this number 600 are employed in the postoffice department proper, 75 are postmasters of the first-class offices, 400 of second-class offices, 1,884 of third-class offices, and 52,415 of fourth-class offices. The report shows that there are 27,264 in land mail routes, covering 370,854 miles.

Secretary Bayard has reported to President Cleveland that the papers submitted in the case do not afford any ground upon which to demand the extradition of McGarigle from Canada.

The President politely replies to New Orleans that his programme will not permit him to accept that city's courtesies.

Ex-President Hayes will accompany President Cleveland upon all public occasions during the week, and will occupy a seat next to the President at the review. He will also be a guest of the Union League on Friday night, after the public reception at the Academy of Music, when the Chief Magistrate will meet the officers of the league. Mrs. Hayes will also be one of the principal guests at Wootton when Mrs. Childs gives her reception to Mrs. Cleveland.

It has been decided by the treasury department that corn can not be shipped by vessel to a Canadian port and there put on a railroad and carried through Canada and to its destination in the United States without custom-house entry. But on arrival at a United States port, after such transportation, it may be entered free of duty on proof of identity, as a domestic product exported and returned in the same condition.

POLITICAL.

Two hundred operators and others engaged in electrical pursuits met in New York and listened to addresses by Henry George and Father McGlynn, after which they passed resolutions indorsing the Syracuse platform and ticket.

The New York Republican convention met at Saratoga Wednesday. Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, was the temporary chairman, and ex-United States Senator Warner Miller permanent chaiaman. A full ticket was nominated with Col. Fred Grant, at the head for Secretary of State.

Lieutenant Governor R. W. Waterman, of California, took the oath of office as Governor Tuesday. He is a Republican, although elected with the late Governor Bartlett, a Democrat. He characterized the promulgators of communistic and sociatistic heresies as enemies of mankind.

The National Protective Association of Distillers and Wholesale Whisky Dealers met in convention Tuesday at Cincinnati, the principal purpose of the gathering being to provide means for fighting the Prohibition movement in Tennessee.

GENERAL.

There was quite a scene Monday in the rooms of the New York Association of Methodists, where Dr. McGlynn delivered an address. He presented the Henry George land theories, saying they represented the cause of humanity. A minister offered a resolution wishing Dr. McGlynn god-speed in his efforts to diffuse the doctrines. Great confusion ensued, and the resolution was amended and then passed.

The Sioux Indians in Dakota complain that the boundaries of their reservation are not well defined; declare that much of the food furnished them by the government is musty, and are opposed to the allotment of their lands in severalty.

Rev. E. G. Price, a Methodist minister of South Carolina, has been suspended from the pulpit for four months for slandering a young lady. He had previously been cowhided by the young lady's brother for the same offense.

George Schilling attended a meeting of the Central Labor union, of New York, to make an appeal in behalf of the condemned anarchists, but was unable to get a hearing, owing to a stormy contest between the George faction and the socialists which continued until adjournment.

Western railway managers have come to the conclusion that railway-building in the west has been greatly overdone. The prospect now is that comparatively little in the way of new construction will be undertaken next year.

The trial race between the Mayflower and Volunteer off Sandy Hook, Friday, was won by the latter by two miles. The Thistle followed the two yachts in the race at a respectful distance. The Volunteer will defend the American cup against the Thistle.

R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly trade review note a severe monetary stringency at important centers, notwithstanding the large imports of gold. The phenomenon is explained by the large sums absorbed in railroad construction and building operations in the west and south. The business failures for the last seven days in the United States and Canada numbered 188, as against 185 during the corresponding period of last year.

The constitutional celebration was continued at Philadelphia, Friday, when about half a million strangers are said to have been in the city. The president, attended by Secretary Bayard, ex-President Hayes and other notabilities, reviewed the employes of the custom-house, and was afterward tendered a reception at the Commercial exchange, where he made a brief address, urging the importance of a more active interest and participation in public affairs by the business classes. From the exchange the presidential party proceeded to Broad and Walnut streets, where they reviewed the great military parade, which was led by Lieutenant General Sheridan. About 30,000 men were in line.

The first to respond to an invitation to speak at the G. A. R. banquet at St. Louis was Bishop Fallows, of Chicago. He accepted, as have General Sherman and Hannibal Hamlin. Sheridan will also speak.

Hundreds of people of Winterset, Iowa, and the neighboring country were Tuesday hunting for the lost child of Mrs. Harvey Getchell, living six miles from the city. The child, only 2 years old, was left in a cradle asleep, and on its mother's return it had disappeared. It was traced to a spring a hundred yards away, but beyond that no trail could be found.

FOREIGN.

It is rumored at Winnipeg that English capitalists have offered to take the Red River Valley railroad bonds at par.

The Americo-Chinese banking syndicate has accepted Li Hung Chang's conditions. Banks will be opened in Shanghai and Tien-Tsin at once, and branches will be established at London and Philadelphia next spring.

A collision took place between Orangemen and nationalists at Green Castle near Belfast, Saturday night, and but for the timely arrival of the Belfast police blood would probably have flowed freely. Ten of the rioters were arrested.

The Irish nationalists held a stormy meeting at Bandon Sunday. Some of the press representatives are said to have been roughly handled, but no serious trouble occurred.

In the house of commons the speaker read a letter from the Irish authorities announcing the arrest of William O'Brien, a member for Cork. In answer to a question, Mr. W. H. Smith, the government leader, said the usual course would be followed regarding Mr O'Brien's trial.

Monsignor Persico, the papal envoy to Ireland, has been instructed to prolong his mission. He is said to have been very successful in his efforts to gain an insight into the condition of affairs in Ireland.

A Russian engineer is said to have discovered a new explosive, of far greater power than anything of the kind now in use. The Russian government will, it is said, build works especially for its manufacture.

The billiard match at Paris between Jacob Schaeffer and Vignaux is off, the Frenchman insisting on having one of his friends act as referee. Schaeffer will start for America Sept. 24.

Mr. O'Brien's cell at Cork is described as something of a "black hole," with little light, only nine by four feet in dimensions.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Extra	$ 5.05	@ 5.25
Choice to Fancy	4.65	@ 5.05
Fair to Good	3.95	@ 4.70
Poor to Medium	3.40	@ 4.45
Native Grassers	2.90	@ 3.65
Fancy Cows and Heifers	2.65	@ 3.20
Fair Cows	1.75	@ 2.50
MILCH COWS—per head	15.00	@35.00
HOGS—Range	5.10	@ 5.40
SHEEP—Range	2.50	@ 4.35
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	.71	@ .74¼
No. 2 Spring	.69½	@ .69¾
CORN—No. 2	.40	@ .41¼
OATS—No. 2	.25	@ .30
POTATOES—Per bushel	.75	@ .80
POULTRY—Chickens, per ℔	6½	@ 9½
Ducks, "	.06	@ .07
Turkeys "	6	@ 8
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.18	@ .19
Fine Dairy	.15	@ .16
Low Grades	.10	@ .14
CHEESE—Full Cream	.08	@ .09
Off Grades	.04	@ .05
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.13	@ .14
NEW YORK.		
BEEVES—Best Native Steers	3.75	@ 4.75
SHEEP—Range	4.00	@ 5.50
HOGS	5.65	@ 5.95
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.81	@ .81¼
CORN—No. 2	.45	@ .46
OATS—No. 2, White	.39	@ .39½
ST. LOUIS.		
BEEVES—Choice Natives	3.95	@ 4.50
HOGS	5.30	@ 5.40
SHEEP	3.15	@ 4.10
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.71⅜	@ .72
CORN—No. 2	.39	@ .40
OATS	.24	@ .24½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. Red	.71	@ .71⅜
CORN	.37	@ .40
OATS	.27	@ .29
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.74	@ .74¼
CORN—No. 2	.38	@ .40
OATS	.26	@ .27
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.74	@ .74¾
CORN	.40	@ .45
OATS	.26	@ .29
INDIANAPOLIS.		
BEEVES	3.50	@ 4.30
HOGS	5.00	@ 5.45
SHEEP	2.75	@ 4.00
WHEAT	.70	@ .70½
CORN	.38	@ .39
OATS	.25	@ .28
BUFFALO.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.76	@ .77
No. 1, White	.80	@ .85
CORN	.46	@ .47
OATS	.29	@ .30

THEY MUST HANG.

Chicago Anarchists Doom Sealed by the Supreme Court at Ottawa, Illinois.

Affirmation of Judge Gary's Sentence and They Must Suffer the Dread Penalty.

Spies, Fielden, Parsons, Schwab, Engel, Lingg and Fischer to Die Nov. 11.—Neebe Goes to Joliet.

A dispatch from Ottawa says: The supreme court to-day handed down a decision affirming the decision of the Criminal court of Cook county in the case of the condemned anarchists, which means that the following must hang:

August Spies.
A. R. Parsons.
Samuel Fielden.
Michael Schwab.
George Engel.
Adolph Fischer.
Louis Lingg.

And that Oscar W. Neebe must serve fifteen years in the penitentiary.

The date of the execution is Nov. 11, next.

At 9:30 o'clock Justice Magruder began the announcement of the decision in the anarchists case. Just before the opening of court every one seemed to have a feeling that something was going to happen. Before the hour for convening the court, lawyers and reporters seemed to have that feeling, and conversed with each other in subdued tones. Even Barker, the janitor, who has waited upon every justice of the Supreme court that sat upon the bench in Ottawa, tiptoed around in opening and dusting the court-room as if he was afraid of breaking the deathly stillness that pervaded the entire building. Deputy Smith faltered and his voice trembled as he pronounced the "here ye, hear ye."

As the justices filed into the court-room, headed by Chief-Justice Sheldon, they appeared more dignified than ever. The chief-justice waved his associates to their seats even more stately than his wont, his nod to the sheriff was more stiff, and his "Open court" less audible than on the previous days of the term. Justice Magruder appeared flushed and nervous as he entered the court-room, the cause of which was evidenced a few moments later when Chief Justice Sheldon turned to him and, in a voice which would have been inaudible save for the deathly stillness which pervaded the room, said: "Justice Magruder, have you any announcements to make?"

The flushed appearance of the justice changed to that of pallor, and his voice was husky as he responded: "In August Spies and others against the people of the State of Illinois, No. 59, advisement docket." The chief-justice nervously turned the leaves of the court-docket to the case indicated, when the justice read the decision of the court in the anarchists' case.

As he commenced reading he regained his composure. His voice was clear and distinct until the order fixing the death penalty and date of execution was reached, when his reading became labored, his voice husky, and his manner showed it was with the greatest emotion that he performed the duty he had been delegated by his associates to perform. Having voiced the decision of the court in the most celebrated case it has ever been called upon to decide, the justice who made the announcement at once left the bench and retired to his room.

In this case the judgment of the court below is affirmed as to all the plaintiffs in error. An opinion has been prepared setting forth the reasons for the affirmance of the judgment. The opinion is now handed to the clerk to be filed by the clerk. Chief-Justice Sheldon started to fix the date of execution when Judge Mulkey, interrupting, said: "It is not my intention to offer a separate opinion, as I should have done. I desire to avail myself of this occasion to say that while I concur in the conclusions reached and also in general views entered in opinion filed, I do not wish to be understood as holding that the record is free from error, for I do not think it is. I am nevertheless of the opinion that none of the errors complained of are of such serious character as to require a reversal of the judgment. In view of the number of defendants on trial, the great length of time consumed in trial, the vast amount of testimony offered and passed upon by the court, and the almost numberless rulings the court was required to make, the wonderment to me is that errors were not more numerous and of more serious character.

"In short, after having fully examined the record and given the questions arising on it my very best thought, with an earnest and conscientious desire to faithfully discharge my whole duty, I am fully satisfied that the opinion reached vindicates the law and does complete justice between the people and the defendants, fully warranted by the law and the evidence."

Chief-Justice Sheldon made the following announcement: "In this case the court orders that the sentence of the Criminal court of Cook county on the defendants in the indictment of August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, be carried into effect by the sheriff of Cook county on Friday of Nov. 11 next, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day."

The opinion in the case was written by Justice Magruder of the Chicago district, and is an exposition of the law and previous interpretations thereof by eminent jurists in this country, as well as of the court's bearing upon the alleged and perhaps real errors in the record. In his work he was ably helped by each of the other six distinguished judges, who made him their spokesman and through him expressed their unanimous decision. The opinion covers 225 pages of closely written manuscript and contains about 56,000 words.

THE CRIME AND THE TRIAL.

The Night of Terror on the Haymarket and Its Results.

The history of the celebrated anarchist trial, which attracted attention throughout the civilized world, begins with the exciting events leading up to the night of horror on the Haymarket in Chicago, May 4, 1886. The city was intensely excited over innumerable strikes following the attempt to inaugurate the eight-hour day on Saturday, May 1. Several small riots had occurred; and in every instance the anarchists and socialists were active among the workingmen, inciting them to violence.

The terrible massacre on the Haymarket was the culmination of these events. The police attempted to disperse a meeting there assembled, at which Spies, Parsons, Fielden, and others were the speakers. A bomb was thrown into the ranks of the police, which resulted in the death of seven officers and the wounding of about sixty, of whom eleven were permanently disabled. Most of the defendants were arrested the following day. The grand jury was impaneled May 17, and returned indictments for conspiracy and murder against the prisoners June 5.

The trial was begun before Judge Gary, in the Criminal Court, June 21. Nearly a month was consumed in obtaining a jury. The hearing of evidence began Monday, July 19, and Friday, July 30, the state rested. The defense finished their testimony Aug. 10, and the arguments having been heard the jury returned a verdict of guilty Friday, Aug. 20.

Arguments on the motion for a new trial were made the first week in October. The motion was overruled. Then each of the eight defendants made long speeches to show why sentence should not be passed on them. On Saturday, Oct. 9 Judge Gary sentenced Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Schwab, Fischer, Lingg, and Engel to hang, and Neebe to fifteen years imprisonment, in accordance with the verdict.

The case was argued before the Supreme Court at Ottawa March 17 and 18 the Hon. Leonard Swett, Capt. W. P. Black, and Mr. Zeisler speaking on behalf of the defendants, and State's Attorney Grinnell, Attorney-General Hunt, and George C. Ingham for the people. Voluminous briefs were filed by both sides.

Of the eight men two were born in America, one in England, and the remainder in Germany. Albert R. Parsons, the only one who can strictly be called an American, is a native of Texas, where he set type as soon as he became old enough. Upon his removal to Chicago, some fourteen years ago, he followed that occupation for some years, while gradually drifting into a career as a "labor reformer," in which he did much better than as a printer. For a couple of years prior to the Haymarket riot he and his wife, who is variously spoken of as a mulatto, a Spaniard, and an Indian, spoke together at anarchist meetings.

Samuel Fieldin, the only orator in the lot, is an English importation from Lancashire, and 40 years old. In his early life he worked in a cotton-mill, and was a devout Wesleyan, attaining the position of local preacher. He came to America in 1869, and to Chicago three years later. He was a teamster by occupation, and was a workingman who worked, nothwithstanding his anarchist belief. So far as known he never made anything out of his work in the cause.

August Spies began his career in the province of Hesse, Germany, in 1855, and came to America when 16 years of age. He worked for a time at an upholstering establishment, and then became editor of the Arbeiter Zeitung. Spies is rather good looking and is intensely vain, both of his physical and mental parts.

Geerge Engel is a native of Germany, having been born in Cassel, Hesse, 1839. Early in January, 1872, he came to America, and afterward to Chicago, where he has since lived, working as a painter. Later he was a candidate for the position of West-town collector on the socialistic ticket. In the spring of 1880 he took charge of the business department of the Arbeiter Zeitung, shortly afterward assuming the position of associate editor.

Michael Schwab was born in Bavaria in 1853. He received a good education, and in 1869 learned the bookbinders' trade in Wunsenberg, where he became a socialist. He came to America and also to Milwaukee in 1879. After spending a year or two in Milwaukee he returned to Chicago, and became editorial writer on the Arbeiter Zeitung.

Louis Ling, the youngest of the condemned anarchists, is only 24 years old. He was born in Baden, Germany, where he was given a common school education. Leaving his native country he lived a few years in Switzerland, and about four years ago came to America, and soon afterward to Chicago, where he at once became identified with the anarchists.

Adolph Fischer is 30 years old, and has been in this country for the past sixteen years. He is a printer, and was employed in that capacity on the Arbeiter Zeitung at the time of his arrest. He is married, and is the father of two young children.

Oscar W. Neebe, who escaped with a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary, is of German descent, but was born in New York in 1850. At 15 years of age he came to Chicago, where he worked at his trade of tinsmith. In 1870 he went east, but returned five years later, and has since resided with his family in Chicago.

Following is the list of the officers who were killed at the Haymarket:

Michael Sheahan,	George Muller,
John J. Barrett,	Mathias J. Degan,
Thomas Redden,	Timothy Flavin,
Nils Hansen.	

The wounded policemen were as follows:

August C. Killer,	Thomas McHenry,
John E. Doyle,	John A. King,
Nicholas Shannon,	James Conway,
Patrick Hartford,	Patrick Nash,
Arthur Connolly,	Louis Johnson,
M. M. Cardin,	Adam Barker,
Henry F. Smith,	Frank Tyrell,
James A. Brady,	John Reid,
Patrick McLaughlin,	Frank Murphy,
Lawrence Murphy,	Michael Madden,
Lieut. Stanton,	Thomas Brophey,
Bernard Murphy,	Charles H. Fink,
Joseph Norman,	Peter Butterly,
Alexander Jameson,	Michael Horan,
Thomas Hennessey,	William Burns,
James Plunkett,	Charles W. Whitney,
Jacob Hansen,	Timothy Sullivan,
Martin Cullen,	Simon Klidzio,
Julius L. Simonson,	John K. McMahon,
Simon McMahon,	Edward W. Ruel,
Alexander Halverson,	Carl E. Johnson,
Peter McCormick,	Christopher Gaynor,
S. J. Weineke,	Patrick McNulty,
Samuel Hilgo,	Herman Krueger,
Joseph A. Gilso,	Edward Barrett,
Freeman Steele,	James T. Johnson,
Benjamin F. Snell,	James H. Wilson,
Daniel Hogan,	M. O'Brien,
Frederick A. Andrew,	Jacob Ebinger,
John J. Kelly,	Patrick Flavin.

Too Conscientious.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—I wonder, Uncle Rastus, that you do not marry again. Your wife has been dead over a year, hasn't she?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, but I'se too conscientious fo' ter marry agin under de cacumstunces.

Gentleman— How is that?

Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' see, sah, I'se nebber paid fo' de gravestone yit. —*New York Sun.*

THE CAMP FIRE.

It is claimed that Major General D. Hunter, commanding the Department of the South, with headquarters at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1862, organized, armed, and equipped the first colored regiment, "the First South Carolina Union Volunteers." General Benjamin F. Butler also claims the honor of organizing and equipping the first regiment of colored troops.

The bronze equestrian statute of General George G. Meade, has been completed, and will soon be placed in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The statue is heroic in size, the horse and rider reaching a height of twelve feet. The statute will rest on a five foot granite base in rectangular form. The General is represented in the act of returning a salute. The statue will be unveiled Oct. 18.

The department officers of California are making extensive preparations for taking part in the encampment at St. Louis. Comrade Charles A. Dexter, aide-de-camp, on the staff of General Commander Edward T. Solomon, is now on duty at St. Louis. A large and commodious hall has been rented, in which is to be exhibited the products of California. This feature will be highly appreciated by comrades residing east of the Rocky Mountains.

Farragut Post, No. 25, Evansville, Ind., is making great preparations for the grand assembly of Union and Confederate soldiers. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Manson, Lew Wallace, of the Union army: Generals Buckner, Gordon, Wade Hampton, and Fitzhugh Lee, of the Confederate army, and the Governors of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Tennessee are expected to be present. This will be the first reunion of the blue and gray held under the immediate direction of a post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A comrade writes as follows: "The First Maine Heavy Artillery was armed as infantry, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 19, 1864. The loss in killed was 476 men. At Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864, the First Maine charged the enemy with 900 men, and in a few minutes lost in killed and wounded 632, more than two-thirds of the number participating." The comrade claims that this was the greatest loss sustained by any regiment in any one battle fought during the rebellion. This regiment lost in killed 18.8 per cent of its members. The survivors of this justly celebrated regiment will hold a reunion at the Lindell Hotel, Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1887,

"Greenwood," Waupaca, Wis., is the new home selected by the Grand Army of Wisconsin for its indigent veterans. The main building has been used as a popular summer resort for several years. Nearly eighty acres of land are included in Waupaca's munificent gift. Near the main building are several cottages upon which improvements are being made. The Home is to be put in shape by contributions from the posts. Generous contributions are being made by the posts. The Cheboygan Post sent $300, and Robert Chivas Post, Milwaukee, $200. Captain A. S. Longworthy, Company K, Second Wisconsin, will be superintendent of the Home, and his wife the matron.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

How often do we hear the expression "Only a private!" For one, whenever it catches the ear, my indignation is almost irrepressible, and the response rises to my lips: "Well, how about so-and-so? he was only a Colonel; or such-an-one? he was nothing but a General."

Why not give precedence in the order of merit, and place the honors in the order the different conditions occupied on the field of battle? Who were in the front rank there? As a rule, the higher the grade the further from danger. I will admit there were exceptionally brave officers, who made a practice of taking a front place when there was fighting to do, but I am not dealing with exceptions here, and would only endeavor to honor the living, or place one leaf of laurel upon the grave of the American volunteer private soldier.

I think it is within the bounds of truth to state that during the first year of the war, and among those who *volunteered* subsequently, there was an almost imperceptible difference between officers and enlisted men, in blood, breeding, intelligence, and bravery. So far as another, and all-important, element in giving each his due—patriotism—is concerned, does it not require this in a higher degree to become a private at thirteen dollars a month than to accept a commission?

What were the rewards to be looked forward to by the intelligent young man who shouldered his musket for the cause of his country? Little more in money for a year's service than he would have received in a month at home; clothes that would almost fall to pieces of their own weight, and were so ill-fitting as to make their wearer an object of scorn to the hoodlums of the cities through which he passed; food that, while it would probably be called wholesome and appetizing by the constituents of the standing armies of Europe, was surely not equal to that he was accustomed to; abuse from his officers, sometimes, that would almost make a free-born American citizen loose his self-respect; hardship, privation, and at the last an unknown grave and the honor of adding one to the total in the bulletin of "enlisted men killed in action."

On the contrary, what might be the ordinary expectation of a commissioned officer? Hardship enough, no doubt, but not a tithe of that endured by the private; as much, and no more, danger to the brave man who made it a practice to "fight on the line;" honor, emolument, and promotion to him who merely did his duty as bravely as was expected from each enlisted man; special mention in general orders if he were unfortunate enough to be killed or wounded; and after the war was over the gratitude of the people, shown in the most substantial manner by election to lucrative and honorable public stations.

While I would not be one to detract from the honors paid to those who bore commissions earned and deserved by their service, I still insist that the enlisted men—the men who carried the guns—saved the country. It was lead, not steel, which conquered a peace. W. H.

CHICAGO, Ill.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mem'ry wanders far to-night,
Across the ocean wave,
To scenes of early childhood's years—
And to my mother's grave.
Oft in my dreams I stand beside
Her grave beneath the tree,
And see her well-remembered form,
More dear than all to me.

I cannot linger 'neath the boughs,
Where thou art resting, love;
The wide, deep ocean rolls between—
But I can look above.
Oh! mother, may the summer breeze
Blow gently o'er thy tomb,
And all the flowers of early spring
Fling forth their fragrant bloom.

Above thy grave may bright-winged birds
Send forth their clear notes strong
Till dale and hill re-echo far
With trill and pleasant song.
How swiftly time has passed away!
His stamp is on my brow;
Yet, mother, all thy early love
And prayers are cherished now.

With deepest longings I have yearned
To see thy face once more—
To hold thy hand, to kiss thy brow:
Alas! those joys are o'er.
And yet the memory of thy prayers,
Like beacons o'er the sea,
Still lights for me the narrow path
That leads to Heaven and thee.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

"So Val Darrington is going to be married?" Mrs. Gordon made the assertion most emphatically, turning from the dainty bit of Kensington embroidery in her hands to glance into Kittie Alleyne's face.

Kittie—seated at the piano near, her white fingers straying over the ivory keys, evoking faint sweet sounds—glanced up with a start. The small hands came down upon the keys with a crash which put to instant death the low sweet melody, and a hastily oppressed exclamation followed—then all was still.

She stooped to pick up her handkerchief, then the brown eyes sought Mrs. Gordon's blonde insipid face, and a very different voice observed lightly:

"Well! Why not, Lelia? Surely, there is nothing in the statutes of the country to prohibit Mr. Darrington from following the example of so many of his brethren! Pray, who may be the happy lady of his choice?"

Lelia Gordon gave her friend another searching glance.

"I declare! She doesn't care one bit!" the young matron was saying to herself. "She is perfectly heartless! I've always told Charlie that Kit Alleyne was cold as an iceberg, and that she never cared for Val! Yet, they have been such good friends for a year."

But aloud, she made answer:

"The lady Oh, somebody from the South, I believe. A Miss Lola Percy, I am told. At least——Well, Kit, this is the whole story and you may accept it for what it is worth.

"My husband saw Val Darrington at Tinselle's jewelry store last night. Val was looking at some rings, and as Charlie entered he overheard him observe to Mr. Tinselle himself, who was waiting upon him:

"Then you think this broad band suitable for a wedding ring? It is really very handsome. I believe, if it is the proper size, that I will decide upon this one. A man is naturally very fastidious about the selection of his wedding ring."

"And then, you see Charlie waited, for he wished to speak with Mr. Tinselle about my diamonds, which are being reset, so he overheard Mr. Tinselle remark in a low, confidential tone to Val Darrington:

'"So, there will be a wedding in your family at last, Val? I am right glad to hear it, and wish you all happiness. Miss Lola Percy is a charming young lady, and I shall take pleasure in welcoming her here as Mrs. Darrington. Shall I engrave the initials inside the ring?'

'And Val. nodded.

'"Yes," said he, 'just put "V. D. to L. P., Nov. 26th, 1886." That is the date appointed for the wedding. And, if you please, Mr. Tinselle, say nothing about it to any one. Of course, you understand that for the present it is to be a secret.'

"Charlie had slipped behind a large upright showcase near, and they did not notice him. Val Darrington hurried from the store, and they were none the wiser. But, of course, Charlie told me as soon as he reached home—he never conceals anything from me—and I made up my mind that, secret or no secret you ought to be told, Kittie."

The brown eyes were lifted from their close scrutiny of the piano-keys, and a cold, clear voice demanded briefly:

"Why?"

Mrs. Gordon blushed confusedly.

"Oh, well, he has been so attentive—quite devoted, in fact, to you. I thought you ought to know that he had only been amusing himself at your expense, and I decided to give you a friendly warning for—"

"Lelia Gordon, stop! How dare you insult me so!"

Kittie was upon her feet now; a slim, pale girl, with soft, dark eyes and bronze-brown hair.

"Mr. Darrington is nothing to me," she went on freezingly, "But I think that both you and Mr. Gordon have treated me shamefully—one by listening to his secret, and the other by repeating it to any one. Good morning, Lelia. No, I cannot stay longer; thanks. I have to go down town to attend to some business. Ah! there is my hat."

And amid many protestations from Mrs. Gordon as to her own and her husband's innocence of intent, Kittie left the pretty home of the Gordons and hurried down the street, half wild to get away.

She had not gone far when she came face to face with Val Darrington, a tall, dark, handsome man with a distinguished air.

He lifted his hat, then hesitated as Kittie, with a smile and a bow, would have passed him.

"Please, Miss Kittie, what have I done to be dropped so coolly?" he cried. Then, in a lower tone, with a swift glance into her pale face: "May I call this evening, Miss Kittie? I have something—to——"

He stopped short, surprised at the cold expression which froze the sweet face.

"I am sorry, but I am engaged," the low voice returned coldly.

He looked disappointed, but her demeanor was so chilly that there was no recourse but to pass on.

"I wish I had dared congratulate him," said Kittie, to herself, as she hurried onward, "but of course I must not betray Lelia. But oh, Heaven! who would have believed such a thing of Val Darrington? Why he has all but asked me to become his wife! And oh! what shall I do? I have learned to—to—care for him. I shall die of shame if any one suspects the truth!"

Days passed, and the two who had been such good friends drifted slowly apart, and Kitty began to lose her interest in life for the sake of the love which she must conquer, and which now seemed to her a veritable delusion.

She met Val Darrington frequently—at a ball, at a german, upon the streets, and at the houses of her friends.

But nobody ever hinted at his approaching marriage, and the girl came to the conclusion that for once a secret had been faithfully kept.

One morning she read in the daily paper the arrival at a fashionable hotel of "Mr. John Hercy and niece, Miss Lola Percy, from Florida,

She compressed her lips firmly, and her face grew slowly pale.

It was the twentieth of November now; only six days from that appointed for the marriage to take place.

She laid the paper down with a sigh, and arose to her feet.

"I will go out for a walk!" she exclaimed. "The fresh air will do me good!"

"She was equipped for the street, and had just descended the staiacase into the entrance-hall, when the door-bell rang, and, a moment later, the servant had admitted Van Darrington.

It was the first call that he had made alone at the home of Kittie Alleyne since the day when she had heard of his approaching marriage.

And she could not escape him, for he had entered the house, and stood before her, even while she paused undecided what step to take.

She shrank from a *tete-a-tete*, and would have died before she would let him read her heart, and learn her miserable secret.

But she noticed, for the first time, how pale and haggard he was looking—not like a happy bridgegroom at all.

She led the way to the drawing-room, and, once there, he caught her hands in his.

"Kittie, what is the matter?" he demanded. "I must know! I will not be repulsed any longer! Tell me—what is wrong?"

How could she tell him that, because she had heard of his approaching marriage, she had not dared to go on in the old friendly way? Something gave her courage·

"Mr. Darrington, you are to be married next Thursday," she began coldly; "why should it matter to you whether I am cold to you or otherwise?"

He gazed into her face with eyes full of utter consternation.

"I have read somewhere that there never was a secret," he burst forth at length, "and I began to believe it! Kittie—good heavens!—how in the world did you ever hear that?"

The time for concealment was past; Kittie told him all in a few words.

He burst into a hearty laugh, which died upon his lips, and his face grew dark.

"I'll never forgive Charlie Gordon," he exclaimed. "It was contemptible. Kittie, there has been a secret, but next Thursday will see that secret exposed.

I intended to confide it to you, and ask your advice and assistance, perhaps; but you remember I requested permission to call, and you treated me coldly—shamefully, Kittie; and—don't look so indignant. You see, dear, it is my brother Van who is to marry Miss Percy next Thursday. And it was kept secret, because Lola's aunt opposed the match. For Lola is an orphan living with her uncle John Percy, and his wife dislikes Van simply because she wishes to force Lola into a distasteful marriage with a rich old man. Well, the aunt is here, and as Van and Lola had set their wedding-day, and the uncle approved, they did not wish old Mrs. Percy's interference. That accounts for the secrecy (Mr. Tinselle knew all from the first), and why I should buy the ring instead of Van. It threw suspicion upon me, but I would have explained all if you would have allowed me. Kittie, am I forgiven?"

There is no happier pair in the round world to-day than Mr. and Mrs. Van Darrington: but Kittie trembles at the thought of how nearly she had missed her happiness all through Mrs. Gordon's "friendly warning."

America's Chess Champion.

This country has produced the greatest chess player that ever lived—Paul Morphy. It is nearly thirty years now since that young man astonished the European chess world by beating all its greatest masters. Since Morphy's time we have had many good players in this country, and have contributed some to nearly all the great tournaments, but until this year the championship of the world has been held in Europe for a quarter of a century.

True, we have had in this country and city for some time a gentleman who claims to be the world's champion, and will doubtless continue to claim—Mr. Steinitz. But the title has always been considered as belonging properly to the winner of an international representative tournament, in which the player who proves himself superior against various styles of play and various conditions has a better opportunity of comparison than one who merely plays a match.

The contest that has just been concluded at Frankfort, in Germany, was fully representative of the world's chess talent. The best players, not only of Germany, but of Austria, Hungary, France, and England, were there—such men as Blackburne, Zukertort, Gunsberg, Taubenhaus, Schallop, Bardeleben, Englisch, Berger and Weiss.

In winning the first play among such masters as these, and by a decisive score, Capt. Mackenzie has demonstrated his title to the world's championship. He won fifteen games out of twenty, while his nearest competitors, Blackburne and Weiss, won only thirteen and a half, and the once famous Zukertort won only eight and a half. The only other American in the tournament, Louis Paulsen, Morphy's old antagonist, won eleven games.

A quartz mill to cost $100,000, is being built at North Boise, Idaho, by an English company.

TALMAGE.

The Trials and Rewards of True Christian Hospitality.

How the Stranger at the Gate To-day Becomes Our Defender—The Hospitality of Heaven.

There is danger that the multiplication of the large and commodious hotels in our towns, and cities and villages will utterly exterminate that grace which Abraham exhibited when he entertained the angels; and which Lot showed when he watched for guests at the gate of the city; and which Christ recognized as a positive requisite of entering heaven, when he declared:

I was as a stranger and ye took me in.

I propose to speak this morning of the trials and rewards of christian hospitality. The first trial often comes in the whim and eccentricity of the guest himself. There are a great many excellent people who have protuberances of disposition, and sharp edges of temperament, and unpliability of character, which make them a positive nuisance in any house where they stay. On short acquaintance, they will begin to command the household affairs; order the employes to unusual services; keep unreasonable hours; use narcotics in places offensive to sensitive nostrils; put their feet at unusual elevations; drop the ashes of their Havana on costly tapestry; open bureaus they ought never to touch; and pry into things they ought never to see; and become impervious to rousing bells; and have all the peculiarities of the gormandizer or the dyspeptic; and make excavations from poor dentistry with unusual implements; and in a thousand ways afflict the household which proposes to take care of them. Added to all, they stay too long. They have no idea when their welcome is worn out, and they would be unmoved even by the blessing which my friend Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, asked one morning at his breakfast table, on the day when he hoped that the long protracted guests would depart, saying; "O Lord bless this provision, and our friends who leave us to-day!"

But, my friends, there are alleviations to be put on their side of the scale. Perhaps they have not had the same refining influences about them in early life that you have had. Perhaps they have inherited eccentricities that they can not help. Perhaps it is your duty, by example, to show them a better way. Perhaps they are sent to be a trial for the development of your patience. Perhaps they were to be intended as an illustration of the opposite of what you are trying to inculcate in the minds of your children. Perhaps it is to make your home brighter when they are gone. When our guests are cheery, and fascinating, and elegant, it is very easy to entertain them; but when we find in guests that which is antagonistic to our taste and sentiment, it is a positive triumph when we can obey the words of my text, and "be given to hospitality."

Another trial in the using of this grace is in the toil and expense of exercising it. In the well-regulated household things go smoothly; but now you have introduced a foreign element into the machinery, and though you may stoutly declare that they must take things as they find them, the Martha will break in. The ungovernable stove; the ruined dessert; the delayed marketing; the perplexities of a caterer; the difficulty of doing proper work, and yet always being presentable. Though you may say there shall be no care or anxiety, there will be care, and there will be anxiety.

In 1694 the Captain-General provided a very grand entertainment, and among other things he had a fountain in his garden—a fountain of strong drink. In it were 4 hogsheads of brandy, 8 hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, 1300 pounds of Lisbon sugar, 5 pounds of grated nutmeg, 300 toasted biscuits, and a boat, built on purpose, was placed in the fountain, and a boy rowed around it and filled the cups of the people who came there to be supplied. Well, you say, that was a luxurious entertainment, and of course the man had no anxiety; but I have to tell you that, though you had or propose an entertainment like that, you have anxiety. In that very thing comes the divine reward.

We were born to serve; and when we serve others we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one, who, on a hot day, preaches the gospel. We may serve God with plate, and cutlery, and broom, as certainly as we can serve Him with psalm book and liturgy. Margaret, Queen of Norway and Sweden, and Denmark, had a royal cup of ten lips, on which was recorded the names of the guests who had drunk from this cup. And every Christian woman has a royal cup, on which are written all the names of those who have ever been entertained by her in Christian style; names not cut by human ingenuity, but written by the hand of a divine Jesus. But, my friends, you are not to toil unnecessarily. Though the fare be plain, cheerful presidency of the table, and cleanliness of appointments, will be good enough for anybody that ever comes to your house. John Howard was invited to the house of a nobleman. He said: "I will come on one condition, and that is that you have nothing but potatoes on the table. The requesition was complied with. Cyrus, King of Persia, under the same circumstances, prescribed that on the table there must be nothing but bread. Of course these were extremes, but they are illustrations of the fact that more depends upon the banqueters than upon the banquet. I want to lift this idea of Christian entertainment out of a positive bondage, into a glorious inducement. Every effort you put forth, and every dollar you give to the entertainment of friend or foe, you give directly to Christ. Suppose it were announced that the Lord Jesus Christ would come to this place this week, what woman in this house would not be glad to wash for Him; or spread for him a bed; or bake bread for him? There was one of old who washed for him, drawing the water from the well of her own tears. He is coming. He will be here to-morrow.

He who opens his house to Christian hospitality turns those who are strangers into friends. Years will go by, and there will be great changes in them. Some day you will be sitting in loneliness, watching a bereavement, and you will get a letter in a strange hand writing, and you will look at the postoffice mark, and say: "Why, I don't know anybody living in that city;" and you will break the envelope, and there you will read the story of thanks for your Christian generosity long years before, and how they have heard afar off of your trouble. And the letter will be so full of kindly reminiscences and Christian condolence, it will be a plaster large enough to cover up all the deep gashes of your soul.

When we take people into our houses as Christian guests, we take them into our sympathies forever. In Dort, Holland, a soldier with a sword at his side stopped at a house, desiring lodging and shelter. The woman of the house at first refused admittance, saying that the men of the house were not at home; but when he showed his credentials, that he had been honorably discharged from the army, he was admitted and tarried during the night. In the night time there was a knocking at the front door, and two ruffians broke in to despoil that household. No sooner had they come over the door sill than the armed guest, who had primed his piece and charged it with slugs, met them, and telling the woman to stand back, I am happy to say, dropped the two assaulting desperadoes dead at his feet. Well, now there are no bandits prowling around to destroy our houses; but how often it is that we find those that have been our guests become our defenders. We gave them shelter first, and then afterwards, in the great conflict of life, they fought for our reputation; they fought for our property; they fought for our soul.

Another reward that comes from Christian hospitality is in the assurance that we shall have hospitality shown to us and to ours. In the upturnings of this life, who knows in what city or what land we may be thrown, and how much we may need an open door? There may come no such crisis to us, but our children may be thrown into some such straight. He who is in a Christian manner hospitable has a free pass through all Christendom. It may be that you will have been dead fifty years before any such stress shall come upon any one of your decendants, but do you no suppose that God can remember fifty years? and the knuckle of the grandchild will be heard against the door of some stranger, and that door will open, and it will be talked over in heaven, and it will be said: "That man's grandfather, fifty years ago, gave shelter to a stranger, and now a stranger's door is open for a grandson."

Among the Greeks after entertaining and being entertained, they take a piece of lead and cut it in two, and the host taks one half of the piece of lead and the guest takes the other half as they part. These two pieces of lead are handed down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and after a while perhaps one of the families in want or in trouble go out with this one piece of lead, and find the other family with the corresponding piece of lead, and no sooner is the tally completed than the old hospitality is aroused and eternal friendship pledged. So the memory of Christian hospitality will go down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and the tally will never be lost, neither in this world nor in the world to come.

Mark this: The day will come when we will all be turned out of doors, without any exception, bare-footed, bare-headed, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we will go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities will open before us, and if we will be received into everlasting habitations? Francis Frescobald was a rich Italian, and he was very merciful and very hospitable. One day, an Englishman, by the name of Thomas Cromwell, appeared at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobald afterward lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered into England; and one day he saw a procession passing, and lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England; and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended down in Italy. The Lord Chancellor, at the first glance of Frescobald, recognized him, and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him, and embraced him, paid his debts, invited him to his house, and said: "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are 400 ducats. Take them and be well."

So it will be at last with us. If we entertain Christ in the person of his disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and he will pour all the wealth of heaven into our lap, and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And O, how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal munificence which Chrlst will display before our souls in heaven. I was reading the account which Thomas Fuller gives of the entertainment provided by George Neville. Among other things for that banquet they had 300 quarters of wheat, 104 tuns of wine, eighty oxen, 3,000 capons, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 4,000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 400 plover, 100 quail, 100 curlews 1,500 hot pasties, 4,000 cold venison pasties, 4,000 custards, the Earl of Warwick acting as steward, and servitors 1000. O what a grand feast was that! But then compare it with the provision which God has made for us on high, that great banquet hour, the 144,000 as guests; all the harps and trumpets of heaven as the orchestra; the vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankards; all the fruits of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord as cup-bearers, and the once-folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene; while seated at the head of the table shall be one who eighteen centuries ago declared—

I was a stranger and ye took me in.

Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities.

Hop-pickers are in great demand all along the western coast.

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

A MEMORY.

I.

I wonder if she can remember,
As I do, tonight.
That evening in early September,
Of perfect delight.

II.

Together we rowed on the river,
Borne on by the tide;
My heart I was ready to give her,
My fortune beside.

III.

But alas! I soon learned that another
Had captured my Rose,
So my passion I managed to smother,
And didn't propose.

IV.

And it may be she doesn't remember
That fond episode;
For that evening in early September
She rode—but I rowed.

—Somerville Journal.

NOTES FROM NATURE.

love these gentle tenants of the wood,
The timid hare, the filibustering jay,
Who flittering here and there throughout the day,
Fill with discordant notes the solitude.
The chattering squirrel, with plumes of red and gray;
The woodpecker, beating oft his reveille:
The patridge whirring rapidly away
To denser coverts, where no eye can see.
And often, when, beneath the silver moon,
Placid and still the basking river lies,
The far-off wall of some belated loon
Floats patiently up to purple evening skies:
While swaying pines, with soft Aeolian tune,
Forever join in nature's symphony.

—PAUL H. LEAR.

BENEFIT OF COUNTY FAIRS.

Progressive farmers need hardly to be urged to make their respective county fairs what they ought to be. More than half the counties in the State, they would bring them forward to their county fairs, can make as good exhibits of fine stock as is generally exhibited at the State fair. If there should be a general attendance, with all the good stock, dairy products, grain, and other farm products which any one of fifty counties could exhibit, it would be nearly, and in some cases probably excel, the State fair. And these exhibitions are of incalculable benefit to all interests. A good exhibition adds to the value of every acre of ground in the county. The mere item of premiums is a small matter in comparison to the benefits to be derived by the farmers from the object lessons exhibited in every superior animal, improved machinery, or the introduction by exhibition of new better qualities of grain, vegetables, grasses, etc. Farmers who neglect their county fairs and let them go down, or even dwindle, neglect one of their best interests. It decreases the value of property, ceases to inspire enterprise, and the county therefore fails to keep up with the advance of the times.

A STUDY OF CHINCH BUGS.

If we except the Hessian fly and the cottonworm, (and perhaps this is unnecessary) no other insect causes such frightful loss as the chinch bug—Blissus leucopterus. Say. Though less than one-fourth inch long, it comes in such numbers that it mows down wheat, oats and corn as by fire; and were it not that it is confined in its ruinous work to the Northwest—Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota—we might surely call it the supreme insect pest of America. It is a true bug; that is, it belongs to the order Hemiptera, sub-order Heteroptetra, These names arise from the fact that in all true bugs the bases of the interior wings are thickened; that it there is often the appearance of half wings. And the wings differ in character. Thus we see that this arch destroyer is a nearer relative of the old black squash bug, the destructive tarnished plant bug and the harlequin cabbage bug of the Southern states, all serious destroyers. Like almost all insects, the chinch bug thrives best in dry weather. I can but think that it is the more moist atmosphere of the Eastern states that frees them of this baneful enemy. Thus it is that in dry years, like the present, these insects come upon the rich prairies of the West and Northwest as did the locusts of Egypt.

They cover every green thing. Though so small they often so cover a stock of corn or other doomed vegetable that only bugs can be seen. Thus in many Western regions the present year is seeing all hopes of a harvest sink before the blasting presence of this small but terrible pest. It is a discouraging fact that wet is about the only serious enemy the chinch bug has. All bugs are comparatively free from attack of birds or other insects. They seem to be unsavory; one who has handled them and smelt the disgusting odor for hours, or accidently carried one to his mouth with a berry which the bug had pre-empted can understand why they are free from attack. Again, their small size and prodigious numbers make artificial remedies almost futile. The only thing we can suggest is to practice neat farming, so that these bugs, which hibernate in winter, may fail of protection, and die. Corn stocks or other such rubbish left in the field is not only wasteful, but help to foster the chinch bugs. The farmers of the West may, however, take comfort in the old saying that "it is a long road that never turns." We must soon have another wet season, and then these chinch bugs will succumb to the elements and another fruitful year may be expected.—Professor A. J. Cook.

CARE OF COLTS.

At about the end of the sixth month the colt should be weaned. During the summer and autumn months he should be allowed to be at grass, which, if succulent and abundant, will be all that is required as food. When taken up in the autumn a sufficient quantity of the best English hay, with two or three quarts of bruised oats, should be given daily. Twice during the week the colt should receive a few carrots cut up and given raw or steamed, which would render them more easily assimilated, and to these a little bran should be mixed.

Plenty of fresh clean water should be accessible to the animal. Protection from the weather at all times should be provided, and during the cold season warm, well ventilated, sunny quarters are extremely important.

The first year of the colt's life especially the first winter, is the most critical period of his existence. If through neglect he is allowed to get out of condition he will never quite recover from from the effects. Consequently proper food, and an abundance of it, with care to cleanliness of his person and his quarters, are most essential.

Grain never produces a large belly, either up the colt or the adult; certainly not unless fed out of the most extraordinary manner, which would prove destruction to the animal.

CARE OF CALVING COWS.

A great deal of trouble is experienced with cows when calving because of sheer carelessness. This is a process of nature, and there should be no trouble; but if we antagonize nature in other directions we cripple her all round. Many a cow has no special attention paid to her either while she is carrying her cave or at calving time. She is permitted to get along the best way she can; and not infrequently the system is in such a weakened condition that to expect her to calf with safety is foolish. But she should not be killed with kindness. She should not be fattened, for instance. She should simply be kept in good condition, and every one's judgement will suggest what that is. Milk secretion should not be greatly encouraged before calving. The animal's food should consist principally of the bone and muscle forming varieties. And after calving great care should be taken that she does not get cold, and her food for a few days must be of a non-stimulating character. The system for a time needs opportuuity to recuperate, and until it has had a chance to do that no additional strain should be put upon it; for a time the machinery should be run at a low speed.

MOIST AIR AND NO RAIN.

Mr. Robert Donglass has been at Lamanda Park, Los Angelos Co., Cal., since early spring. He writes that there has been no rain this summer, yet every tree, plant, and flower, seems to do well without irrigation except of the citrus family. The air that floats over the trees and plants of this region is saturated with the breath of the Pacific, and the thought occurs that there may be something in the popular but unscientific notion that the foliage and even bark of plants may absorb moisture from the humid air. But on the other hand we have the fact that a moist air does not permit the rapid evaporation from the earth and foliage of plants that we experience during our heated term. Hence less earth moisture is there required for plant support, and the earth moisture of the rainy season is longer retained for the use of plants.

THE OLD WAY.

Tom Windiate has never used a self binder on his 160-acre farm at Manitowoc, Wis. He says it is cheaper to hire all his grain cut by the cradle. He says the cost of the twine used in binding, the use of a team and binder and the interest of the money invested will cut his grain; besides the average life of a self-binder is not over four years. Another new departure of his is that he never binds his grain when cut, but draws it in loose. He claims that by so doing he cures his straw better and more quickly, that it makes better odder, and that the quality of the grain is improved by allowing it to lay awhile in the swath. He saves the labor of binding, and says the straw in a loose condition can be "fed" in threshing much more regularly than in bundles. He has harvested for years in that fashion, and could not be induced to make any changes.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

The duration of the infectious stages of various diseases is thus given by Dr. T. F. Pearse, an English physician. Measles from the second day of the disease, for three weeks; smallpox from the first day, for four weeks; scarlet fever from the fourth day, for seven weeks; mumps from the second day, for three weeks; diphtheria from the first day, for three weeks. The incubation periods, or intervals occurring between exposure to infection and the first symptoms, are as follows: Whooping cough, fourteen days; mumps, eighteen days; measles, ten days; smallpox, twelve days; scarlet fever, twelve days; diphtheria, fourteen days.

AN ANODYNE.

There is for man or woman no anodyne so potent as working in the fresh earth. Take the strip of ground which has hitherto been ill-kept; let it be broken-up, and laid out in some simple design; then, in a sun hat, thick shoes and garden gloves and with a good, strong trowel begin to make acquaintance with mother earth, and you will find her full of kindly sympathy.

THE BEST RATION FOR LAMBS.

Jonathan Talcott, of Rome, N. Y., says that the best ration for young lambs has not yet been found out, but one of which lambs are very fond is composed of equal parts of corn and oatmeal, linseed meal and wheat bran. This will probably be considered by many a rich feed, if so, they can reduce the corn and linseed meal, and so make less fattening food. He prefers the corn and oats ground, for young lambs, to whole grain. After they become large, and for grown sheep, whole grain is preferred for his feeding, as the sheep grind their grain very effectually themselves, thus saving the trouble of getting it ground for them.

HINTS AND HELPS.

A ton of earth carefully weighed and yielding a ton of clover or other crop, will weigh more after the cropping than before, even though covered so that only pure water is admitted.—*Orange Judd.*

A lot of Wyoming grass cattle were sold at Chicago last week at $2,80. This about a sample price. A 1,000 pound steer for $28.

A couple were riding out in the country, when they passed a barnyard in which were two calves. The young lady observed: "Oh, see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," remarked the young man, "they are not cowlets, but bullets."

Phil. D. Armour expresses the opinon that "the corn is going to be so scarce that cattle and hogs will be scarce and high. There will be at first depression of prices because of an enforced marketing; but after that prices must advance."

Those who possess the least inherent purity are the most apt to traduce and vilify others. The slanderer judges after the dictates of his own malicious heart, and thus impugns the actions, motives and feelings of others.—Mrs. Abell.

We do not believe it will pay to steam corn fodder. But it will certainly pay to cut it fine; dampen and sprinkle it with corn meal, bran, shorts, etc.

FOR THE LADIES.

Novelties in Jewelry.

It is predicted that ruby and emerald will be the favorite gems this season.

Chaste designs in hairpins decorated with diamonds and rubies are very popular.

A very handsome and fashionable ring is a good size turquois surrounded with fine brilliants.

A bracelet with a semi-circle of diamonds or hyacinths imbedded in it leads among the fashionables.

A band of inverted coffee-beans in pink, yellow, and green gold and platina constitutes one of the most dainty bracelets to be found.

It adds to the beauty of the decided yellow or fancy-colored diamonds mounted in brilliants to have the shank set with brilliants.

A choice style of bracelet is composed of square checks of pink and yellow gold and platina ornamented with rubies and diamonds.

One of the prettiest lace-pins of the season is white enamel representing a tea rose, with diamond centre in old gold setting.

In ladies rings the latest fad is to wear the four combination stones on the same finger. They are set in four rings, alternately—ruby, sapphire, diamond, and emerald.

Feminine Fun.

Never marry a girl who refuses to eat corn from a cob; ten to one she has got store teeth.

A school-girl upon being asked by the teacher to define a hollow mockery promptly replied, "a bustle."

While the summer girl is at Nantucket breasting the wave her good old mother stays at home and stems the currant.

Amy (appearing on the piazza with some lemons)—Ada, have you got a squeezer? Ada—Only Gus, and I can't spare him.

"Girls think men are all soul," says a woman who has had three husbands, "but women know they are all stomach."

A Colorado girl mistook her lover for a bear and filled him with shot. He weighs more than he did, but is not handsomer.

An Indiana woman put her foot down and prevented a railroad company building on her property. This speaks well for the Indiana foot.

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a man the other night, who said: "Now, my dear, you say you have $50,000 in your own name, why not put it in mine?"

Domestic—What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house. Mrs. Youngwife—Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose you had better have toast.

"There is evidently a great deal to be learned about women," says a Philadelphia editor. There is, indeed, and the best way to learn it is to ask some other woman about it.

Gent, (to sceaming child in short frocks) Come, now, my little girl, don't scream so; be quiet; here's a sugarplum. Child—Don't want a sugarplum; won't be quiet; I'se not a girl—I'se a boy.

A machine has been invented that will sew on 3,000 buttons a day. No one seems to know yet whether or not a marriage license for that sort of a machine costs more than one for the other kind.

The foolish virgin in the scriptures came with no oil in her lamp. Now she comes with a four-gallon can of kerosene to pour on the kitchen fire, and her funeral expenses are added to the loss of the oil.

Rivaling the Rainbow.

Fashion is now displaying itself at the various summer resorts' where grand dress parades are daily and nightly in order. As regards colors, taste is not just at present very radical. Red, primrose yellow, green in a score of tones, and peachblow pink are favored colors in monochromes. The blended hues are past description. A dress in these days of progress and studies of the art of unique gowning can be composed literally of "all the colors of the rainbow," and yet be pronounced an artistic success. A very beautiful new shade of heliotrope is noted in elegant dress. This is usually a shade most universally trying. This particular tint is exquisite, but few should venture to adopt it. A heliotrope toilet lately worn—very beautiful in itself, but by no means complimentary to the wearer—was made of a rich quality of faille of this shade, with underskirt and waistcoat of heliotrope moire. With the costume was worn a white chip bonnet in princesse shape, trimmed with heliotrope moire ribbon, white lilac and Neapolitan violets.

In Love With Nellie Gould.

A young fellow, said to be employed on a railroad at King's Creek, W. Va., and who calls himself J. M. Traber, has been trying to captivate Miss Nellie Gould, eldest daughter of Jay Gould. Some time ago he called at Mr. George Gould's office with a letter of introduction, purporting to have been given by Frederick Gebhard. His letter did not appear to be genuine, however, and he left suddenly. Very soon after that Miss Gould received marked copies of papers in which Traber had contrived to have favorable notices printed. Traber followed these with letters of a crazy nature, all of which were confided to the waste basket. Recently Traber secured the following notice of himself in a Western paper: "The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Gould, eldest daughter of the New York millionaire, to J. M. Traber, a bright young railroad employe at King's Creek, W. Va. It is said the nuptials will be solemnized early next year." It was copied into the *Graphic*, and called forth this card from Mr, Gould: "Dear Sir:—The inclosed canard crept into yesterday's *Graphic*. This Traber is undoubtedly a half-crazy crank, who has been writing letters for the past year or two to my daughter, though a total stranger. I should like to know how such a report was set afloat. Yours Truly,

Jay Gould."

The Ypsilantian.

The 17th Regiment Reunion.

The reunion of surviving members of the Old Seventeenth Michigan—the "Stone Wall" regiment—held at Detroit last week, has considerable local interest here. It was in that regiment that the Normal company served, and met its first hail of lead at South Mountain. Members of the regiment who registered at the meeting were—

Col. C. C. Luce, Monroe.
Gen. Wm. H. Withington, Jackson.
Col. Frederick W. Swift, Detroit.
Col. Jas. E. Pittman, Detroit.

Co. A.
R. T. Van Valkenburg, Manchester.
A. F. Wilcox, Detroit.
Geo. Goodsell, Ludington.
L. D. Roberts, Toledo.
Wm. A. Smith, Adrian.
Israel Mapes, Onstead.

Co. B.
S. D. Shell, Barren Lake.
John C. Nelson, Manchester.
Wm. Burton, Pipestone.
Rock Edwards, Sodus.
Geo. H. Gillispie, Detroit.
Jas. Masters, Milan.
J. L. Clarkson, Detroit.
J. L. Day, Woodcraft.
J. E. Wood, Chelsea.
Jas. McDougall, Ypsilanti.
Wallace Adams, Pontiac.

Co. C.
Geo. B. DeLong, Monroe.
Alfred Milnes, Coldwater.
John Wells, Flat Rock.
Henry Miller, Detroit.

Co. D.
M. Barrett, Jackson.
Chas. L. Burrell, Grand Rapids.

Co. E., (The Normal Company.)
Geo. H. Hopkins, Detroit.
D. McFall, Milan.
W. H. Brearley, Detroit.
A. Herrick, Mt. Morris,
Geo. W. Hough, Detroit.
J. M. Breining, Newcomb.
G. W. Harmon, Detroit.
H. H. Webb, Ypsilanti.

Co. F.
Orson Wooden, Grand Rapids.
F. E. Engle, Detroit.

Co. G.
Daniel Heller, Fremont.

Co. H.
T. Lemeraude, South Rockwood.
Jas. A. Potter, Detroit.
J. H. Stearns, Leoni.
Geo. L. Fisk, Tompkins, Jackson Co.

Co. I.
Fred Sillett, Hudson.
Franklyn Hull, Manchester.
Harry Bassett, Dundee.
J. Van Ness, Bay City.
Grove Sevey, Ypsilanti.

Co. K.
J. E. Baird, Williamsburg.
J. C. Drew, Dundee.
Chas. Tubroye, Detroit.
Chas. Bath, Jackson.
J. W. Willett, Adrian.
H. Curtess, Dundee.

Mr. Brearley, proprietor of the Evening Journal, reported progress on his history of the regiment, and presented to the association the collection of battle relics from South Mountain and Antietam, heretofore spoken of in these columns.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

President—Col. Constant C. Luce, Monroe.
Vice Presidents—Corporal Daniel McFall, Milan, and Geo. W. Harmon, Detroit.
Secretary—Geo. H. DeLong, Monroe.
Treasurer—Geo. H. Hopkins, Detroit.
Historian—Wm. H. Brearley, Detroit.
Chaplain—C. E. Roth, Dundee.

A most pathetic incident of the reunion is related by the Evening Journal Private John Jones, of Co. C, now living at Dundee, is an almost helpless paralytic, and very poor. He was the regimental cook, and he managed to get himself to the reunion, but was unable to climb the stairs to the room where the meeting was held. He waited, watching for a familiar face among those passing up. The Journal's story proceeds:

At length a stout, good-natured looking man, with gray hair and whiskers and a G. A. R. hat came up. The eyes of the poor decrepit lighted up instantly. He recognized the new comer as Capt. Goodsill, of the Seventeenth. With a desperate effort he dragged himself out on the stairs in front of Goodsill, and clutching at the latter's coat cried in a loud whisper:

"Captain, captain, don't you know me? I'm private John Jones, of company I. Many a meal I cooked for you Don't you remember the chickens I stole from the colonel for you at Antietam?"

Goodsill at once recognized in the palsied old soldier the regimental cook. He caught the old fellow in his strong arm and bore him upstairs into the meeting then in session. Tenderly laying the old man on a bench, Goodsill jumped up and breaking in on the business meeting, asked every man present who remembered old John Jones, the regimental cook, to say "I." A loud chorus followed.

"Well, there he is," said Goodsill, pointing to the bench where the old man was eagerly looking from face to face. Instantly there was an uproar. Every man in the room ran up to their old comrade and warmly greeted him The old man was speechless. The tears flowed down his cheeks.

When he saw Gen. Withington, who commanded the regiment at South Mountain, he threw his arms about his neck, drew the general to him and tenderly kissed him.

"I never expected to see you again," whispered the old man. "To think that after 23 years I am among my old comrades once more! I haven't seen a a man of my regiment since I was discharged."

The old fellow then told his friends that four years ago he had been deprived of his pension. "I got $30 a month from the time I was discharged until some one swore, four years ago, that I was a paralytic before I went into the army, and so they stopped my pension. Since then I have been in dreadful want, but I couldn't find one of my comrades to tell him. I heard of the reunion here and I came all the way from Dundee."

The old man's story raised a howl of indignation. "If I was a paralytic how did I get into the army, and how did I carry a musket through South Mountain?" he continued.

A committee consisting of Gen. Withington, Col. Swift and Col. Luce was appointed to lay the case before the Commissioner of Pensions.

Wayne County Soldiers' Reunion.

A number of the old soldiers of Ypsilanti and vicinity are attending the reunion encampment at Plymouth, which commenced yesterday and closes tomorrow. The program embraces a general review and address by Gov. Luce at 2 o'clock this afternoon, field sports and games at 4, dress parade at 5:30, and camp fire addresses this evening.

To-morrow (Friday) there is to be a grand parade at 10 o'clock, and the exercises at the grand stand commence at 2, consisting of music and addresses, Gens. Alger and Berdan and Cols. Duffield and Larned being among the speakers.

Liquid paints at Samson's in large or small packages. Warranted equal to the best and price within reach of all. Black and wine color for buggies—one coat will make them new again.

The question of the force of the familiar provision on certain railroad tickets, requiring them to be stamped by the agent at the station where the return trip begins, is to be tested in the courts. Two Lansing officials started on their return trip from Chicago by the Lake Shore, without noticing that provision upon their tickets, and refused to pay their fare again. They were ejected from the train at Elkhart, and have commenced suit for damages.

The Manchester Enterprise last week celebrated its twentieth anniversary by the issue of a double sheet filled with interesting miscellaneous and local matter, including a sketch of the establishment and growth of the paper, which has been published all the twenty years by its founder, Mat D. Blosser. The Enterprise is a good local newspaper, and deserves well of its community.

The Democrat and Argus of Ann Arbor are "sassing" each other about their relative standing as democratic papers, and their circulations. The Democrat seems to have the advantage as a "sasser," and calls the Argus meaner names than the latter can think of.

The town of Ironwood, in the Gogebic mineral region, was practically wiped out by fire, last Saturday, with a loss of $300,000 and trifling insurance. Of the 28 buiidings named in the list of losses, 15 contained saloons.

Newcomb.

Mrs. John Ryan, sr., is quite sick.

Mr. S. P. Ballard has been quite sick for the past two weeks.

G. S. Bethell and Joseph Corbett attended the reunion in Detroit last week.

Miss Hill of Romulus was visiting at Will Holland's last week.

Miss Martha Lewis, sister of Mrs J. D. Abbott of Whittaker, was married to Mr. Eugene Walling of Detroit, last Wednesday, the 14th.

Mrs. Susie K. Hammond and Master Louis are visiting at Rasinville, Monroe Co.

Mr. Edward Gotts has bought 40 acres of land formerly owned by Alfred Smith, sr., n. e. ¼ of n. e. ¼, sec. 24 Consideration $800.

Mr. Perry Lampkins is quite poorly at this writing.

During the wind storm some two weeks ago a large elm tree blew down across the R. R. track about half way between Whittaker and Willis, and perhaps a serious accident was avoided by Station Agent Bethell trying to send a telegram to Milan when he found the wires would not work as the tree had fallen across them.

Misses Viola and Annie Greenman spent last Sunday visiting with Mr. Rice's family of Whittaker.

Miss Clara Blackmer attended the reunion at Detroit.

Mr. Jas. Nugent's dance at Whittaker last Friday night was a very pleasant affair.

J. M. Breining attended a reunion of his old regt. in Detroit last week.

C. H. Greenman will have a dance in light guard hall, Ypsilanti, Thursday, Sept. 29. Music by Dunham's Orchestra of Belleville, assisted by Don D. Masellis, harpist, of Detroit, everybody is cordialy invited to attend. Dance No., 50 cents.

Rawsonville.

Met Roberts is visiting friends in Kalamazoo.

C. Eaton was in Romeo last Monday on a business trip.

Mrs. D. M. Doyle and daughter Marie, of Wayne, are visiting Miss Almena Barlow.

High water and no bridge at present at this place.

Mrs. Lina Owen is seriously ill with malarial fever.

L. W. Morse, of Cleveland, O., is the guest of his uncle, W. I. Yeckley.

The bean crop in this vicinity is quite promising, and will be a half crop if the frost holds off.

The "Pinkerton" detectives have returned to Chicago after arresting a boy thief and pumping another victim dry. More arrests soon.

Mr. Potter, of California, is visiting friends and relatives here, after an absence of nearly thirty-five years.

Pittsfield.

Anna Campbell has accepted a position in a Missouri school.

Libbie Stevens has returned from N. Y.

A P. U. Sunday school concert is talked of for Nov. 2.

Rev. Mr. Cheney of the Ypsilanti Baptist church, addresses the P. U. Sunday school next Sunday at 4 p. m.

A valuable colt of H. H. Preston's injured itself quite severely last week by becoming snarled in some loose barbed wire.

Saline.

Mrs. Eugene Heller and son have gone to New Orleans, La., to visit Mrs. H.'s parents.

Many of our citizens are getting ready for the Ypsilanti fair next week.

Justice McKinnon has moved his office on the ground floor.

Trim & McGregor have sold their stock of dry goods to Frank Hanna.

G. B. Willard, of Boyce, La., is home on the sick list.

Chas. Griswold died the 19th and his funeral was the 21st.

Nettie Sanford commenced teaching in District No. 9, the 19th.

Friis, and Minnett Bros. have dissolved partnership.

For Sale.

A good residence for sale, one block from Union seminary, very cheap. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Mich. tf

An Open Letter.

If you are a purchaser of groceries, husband, wife, boarding-house keeper or member of a students' club, you are requested to call at Graves' grocery. You will there learn something that will be very much to your advantage.

For Rent.

Brick house on Congress St. 8 rooms. Enquire of S. A. DeNike. tf

Ingersoll's Eulogy on Laughter.

God made us to laugh as well as to cry. The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O, weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys! Blow, bugler blow, until thy silver notes do touch, and kiss the moonlit waves, charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light, and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward wave of time doth drown some fretful fiend of care.

Go and hear Eli Perkins at the Opera House, Tuesday evening, Oct. 4. You will laugh at his bright wit and delicate humor.

Lost

on Monday the 19th, a pair of Gold Eye Glasses.

A liberal reward will be paid to the finder. Leave at this office.

For Rent.

I have for rent the store room at the northeast corner of Congress and Adams streets—a suitable place for sewing machine, insurance, Doctor's office, or some light business. Liberal terms to the right party. AUSTIN GEORGE.

A Deep Subject.

Gough Bros., successors to A. L. Corey in the pump business, are prepared to do well and cistern digging and cleaning and repairing of all kinds in that line. You can buy a good pump of them very cheap. 027

Mr. S J. Bowling is visiting in Columbus, Cleveland and other cities in the Buckeye state, this week.

THE DAILY YPSILANTIAN will be a paper that will well represent the progress and enterprise of Michigan's Queen City. Send it to your friends.

Visitors to the Ypsilanti fair are cordeially invited to visit the Bazarette booth, next door to Floral hall, and also inspect the Bazarette display in Floral hall.

Graves, the Grocer, will be busily engaged during this week making arrangements with students' clubs to supply them with table supplies. His large and active force of clerks will attend to the wants of his flocks of customers, however.

Comstock's bead trimmings are really beautiful.

Never were Four-in Hands so popular as this season. Four in Hand is the fashionable Necktie, for sale by Wortley Brothers.

Several of the most talented writers of Ypsilanti will contribute to the columns of THE DAILY YPSILANTIAN to be issued next week.

Those attending the fair next week must not fail to visit the Bazarette booth next to Floral hall, you'll save money by so doing.

Jet sets at Comstock's in large quantities.

Husband, tell your wife to make you a cup of that splendid Empress Tea to be had at Foster's, only.

The place for oilcloths is at Comstock's

Don't "see Naples and die" but see the ART GARLAND and live. You will find it at Drury & Taylor's.

Comstock & Co., have enlarged their carpet department which gives them a large showroom.

The Bazarette will as usual be alive to business at the Fair; so bring your dimes and nickles, and even your pennies. You can spend them for pretty and useful things at the Bazarette booth.

New wall paper and borders at Samson's. Prices reduced since July 1st. Gilt paper at 25 cents a roll. New goods received weekly.

Dress goods in every style at Comstock's.

Young Man, for 25 cents you can get a tie of the latest fashion and best material, at Wortley Bros.

Handkerchiefs from 5 cts. up at Comstock's.

Wife, tell your husband to go to Foster's and get a pound of Empress Tea.

Many new novelties will be found at the Bazerette booth, at the Fair next week.

Go to Smith's grocery for fresh fruit and country produce. You will there get the best, and the lowest prices.

Astrachan for jackets, in all colors to match dresses from $2.00 up at Comstock's.

Don't wear an ill-looking necktie when you can get an elegant, stylish one for 25 and 50 cents at Wortley Brothers.

Don't fail to visit the Bazerette booth at the Fair.

Impress this upon your mind, that Empress Tea has no equal. For sale only at C. H. Foster's.

The tie that binds should be neat but not gaudy—such a one as you can get at Wortley Bros. clothing store for 25 cents.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

Blatchford's stock food, old process oil cake and Raven's condition powders for horses, cattle sheep and swine.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st. 454

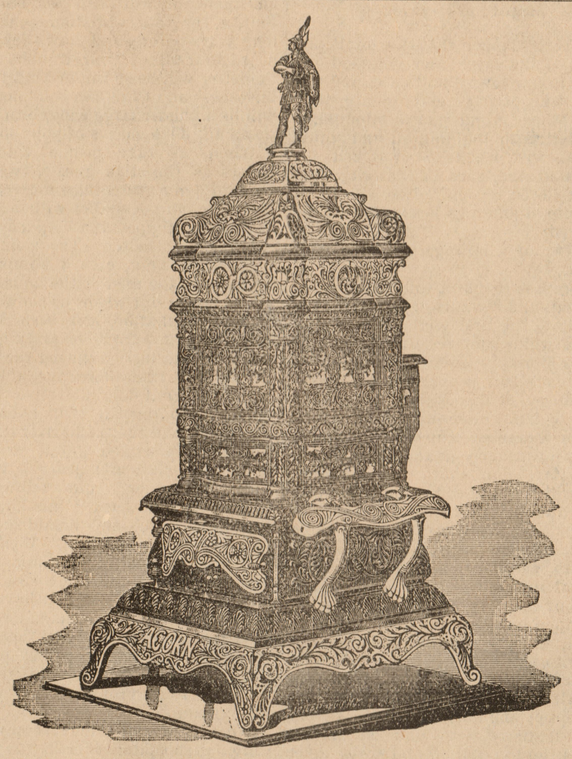
Beware of Swindlers.

We have exposed, during the last year, many swindlers who advertise, under the name of medicine, vile compounds which only increase human suffering. To all who need a pure medicine and blood purifier, we can honestly recommend Sulphur Bitters.—Editor Sun. 034

The Empress of Japan is coming to this country but you may not see her as she will travel, it is said, *incog.* The Empress Tea however has arrived and you can see it every day at C. H. Foster's. Admission free.

The Students' Store.

Of course there can be no doubt as to what store we refer. Graves grocery has been so long regarded as the headquarters for the students that the above title naturally suggests itself.



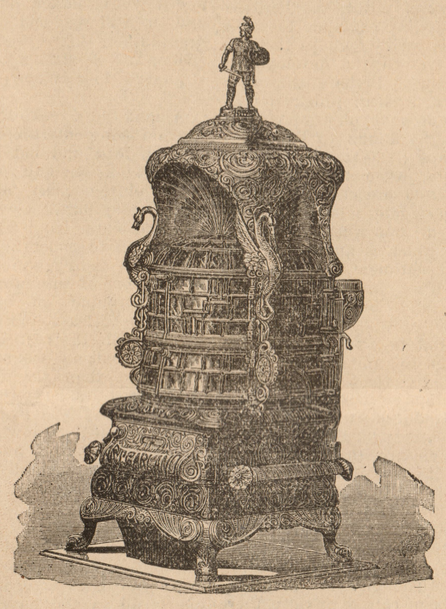
"The Early Bird Gets the Worm." Yes, we know the old gag about the foolish worm, but what I want to impress upon your mind is the fact that I have the greatest improvement of the age in COAL STOVES. No more complaints of cold floors. Call and see the Splendid, Gold Coin, and Acorn Base Burners. A full line of Wood Stoves, etc.

J. H. SAMPSON, 17 Huron Street.

"MAKE NO MISTAKE!"

THE WORLD'S BEST STILL AHEAD.

THE ART GARLAND



Is original and elegant in design, beautiful in finish, perfect in operation; has more radiating surface, more illumination, more heating capacity, more valuable features than any other stove made.

If you want the BEST BASE BURNER ON EARTH, don't fail to C DRURY & TAYLOR before buying.

For the Largest Stock, the finest Assortment, the Best Goods and Lowest Prices, go to

Drury & Taylor's,

26 CONGRESS STREET.

No. 5 Congress St.

THE STUDENTS' STORE.

The place where you can get your goods cheap. Special discounts to large buyers.

A. A. GRAVES,

THE GROCER,

NO. 5 CONGRESS STREET.

C. KING. (Established 1840.) C. E. KING.

C. KING & SON.

Fine Table Luxuries and Staple Groceries a Specialty.

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

FIRST

GRAND CONCERT

OF THE SEASON.

Full Chorus of Thirteen Hundred Voices.

PRESENTED EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME.

1. Song—Blest be the Tie that Binds.
2. Song—This is the Place we long have Sought.
3. Promenade through Wortley Bros.' Great Clothing Store.
4. Song (distant voices)—Hold the Fort for we are coming.
5. Inspection of Nine Hundred Different Styles of Ties just received by Wortley Bros.
6. Song—The Sweet Buy and Buy.
7. Tableau—Beautiful Presentation of Articles for Young Men, the renowned Stetson Hats, the Wire Suspender Buckle, the French Knockabout Hats.

Concluding with the Grand Old Refrains, "How Happy are They," and "Home Sweet Home."

CALL ON JOE!

THE LAST GRAND EXCURSION!

OF THE SEASON.

Is an announcement that will many times meet your eye during the next few weeks, but it does not refer to the journeys that all who desire Clothing at poor-harvest prices are making to

Joe Sanders's Clothing House

They don't go there for pleasure, particularly, although Joe and Garrie and Will always treat their customers with the utmost cordiality, and make them feel at home; but the principal reason why so many customers call at the

UNION BLOCK CLOTHING HOUSE

is that they seek a place where they can get the most and best for the least money. The purpose may be a selfish one perhaps, but it is a selfishness that persuades mankind to a great extent.

CALL ON JOE.